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THE BRAND

1928

THE YEAR BOOK

OF

 $Sul\ Ross\ State\ Teachers\ College$

Published by
THE STUDENT BODY
Volume Eight



FOREWORD

JOLLOWING the custom of the primitive Indian, who drew on the walls of his cave many-sided maps of his range, traced on them his hunting trails and marked with quaint symbols the water holes and camp sites, we have made of the 1928 Brand a map of your college year. We have traced the route your memory will take over a network of sunny trails, and marked the watering places and the sites for happy lingering.



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DEDICATION

O the West Gexas Historical and Scientific Society, in appreciation of its scholarly research, its contributions to science, and the work it has done in preserving the remnants of a passing civilization, gathering up the stray ends of the Redskin's past and piecing them together, so that the silent, romantic figure of the Indian may not be forgotten, we gratefully dedicate this, the eighth volume of the Brand

West Texas Historical and Scientific Society, Inc.

Member the American Association of Museums

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As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken and their springs are dried up; their cabins are in the dust. Their council fires have long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying out in the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave that will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be true to their rude virtues as men and pay tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

HIS prophecy of Sam Houston's, uttered more than a half century ago, has been fulfilled. Everywhere the Indians have disappeared from their old haunts to live in pueblos the prosaic life of the pottery maker, the basket weaver, and the laborer—an ironic contrast to the shifting and picturesque life of their ancestors. They are gone from the Big Bend Region, the Jumanos, the Mescalero Apaches, the Comanches, who lived for centuries in our canyons and our caves. The written records of their early days are meagre and scattered references, in Cabeza de Vaca's account of his long wanderings in the Big Bend Region, to the Jumanos, whom he encountered near Presidio forty-three years after the discovery of America; scattered bits in the records of the Conquistadores, Espejo and Mendoza, and later in the journals of the Padres who lived and worked among the Indians. With the coming of the American pioneer to the Big Bend in the middle of the nineteenth century, began the long and bitter warfare which ended in the redman's expulsion from the region. History and legend have preserved for us only the records of Indian cruelty, only the names of a few of the great chiefs—Bajo el Sol, Espejo, and Alsate.

But the Indian has left his own record in the paintings on his cavern walls, in the implements of his warfare and of his crude domestic life. And the descendants of his old enemies in the Big Bend, in the spirit of the great pioneer, Sam Houston, have sought to preserve these records, to see that at least he may live "in the songs and chronicles of his exterminators." It is in that spirit that we have turned to the Indian for our motif in this book.

The design on the cover is copied from a tanned leather shield loaned to the museum by Mr. C. R. Williams of Fort Davis, whose grandfather killed the original owner, an Indian brave, in battle. The rug in the scenic section is an exact copy of a chief's blanket. The other color drawings in this volume, with the exception of the Thunder Bird, are copies of Mr. O. L. Sims' exact reproductions of Indian pictographs and petroglyphs found on the cliffs along the Rio Grande and at Myer Springs, Fort Davis, Paint Rock, and Lobo, Texas. The references to relics and to the evidence of Indian habitation in the various canyons are based on the field notes of Mr. V. J. Smith, who has done extensive research in Indian culture.



San Ildefonso, New Mexico



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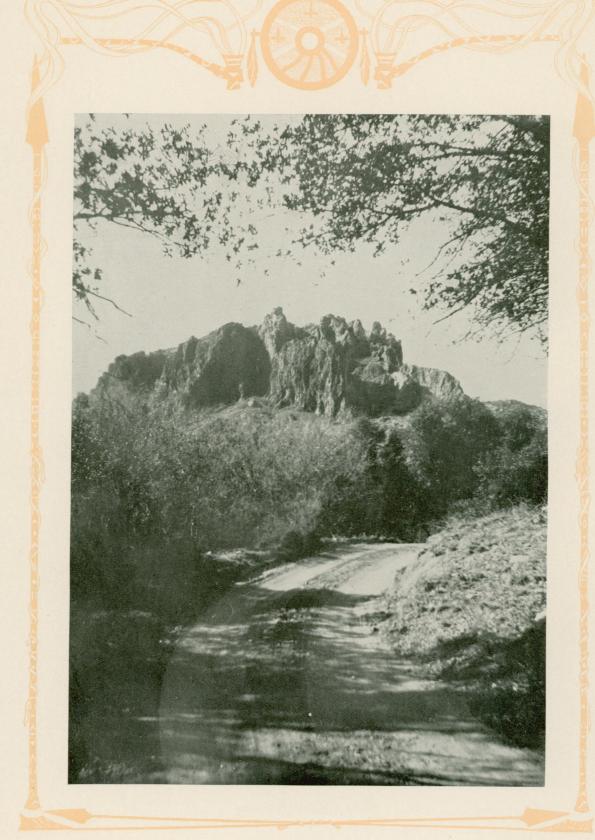


THE COLLEGE

Sun Pointing
Meyer Sprikg

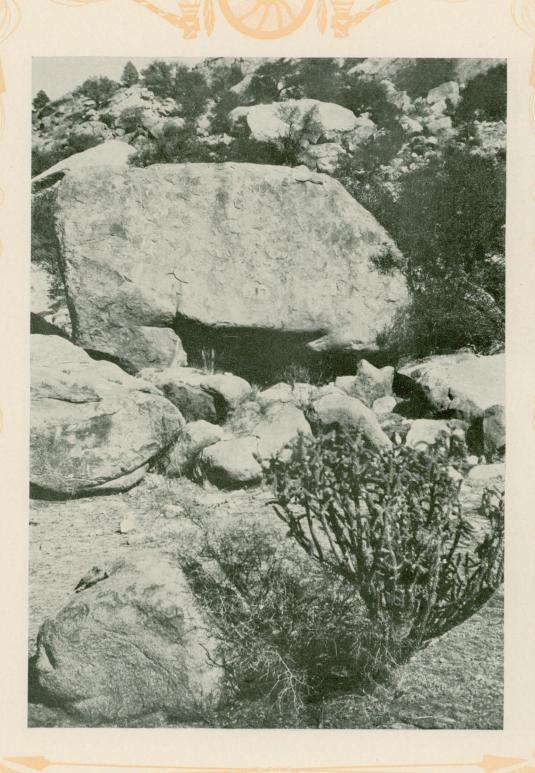






The Road to Paradise

ARADISE Canyon lacks, perhaps, the majesty of many of the canvons, but it has a simple beauty and a friendliness that make it the favorite rendezvous of college students, who clamber up Castle Rock or linger in the shade of the oak trees. And the popularity of the spot is evidently not of recent origin. For the stage route of pioneer days, according to the survey map of 1892, ran through Paradise, and the stage house, whose adobe walls are still standing, looked down upon the canyon from the small hill where the house of the Lightning Ranch now stands. Long before the days of the white pioneers, though, Paradise knew the friendship of man. For the Red Man occupied small rock shelters, whose black mouths are visible on the sides of Twin Sisters, and established a camp site near the water hole toward the West. Picnickers still unearth an occasional arrow head, a household implement, or some flint chippings from the banks of the stream, and venture a guess or two as to the date when the Indian discovered Paradise. Then they forget all about the Indian as they watch the sun set beyond the peaks, bringing into sharp relief the outline of Castle Rock against a flaming sky.



Fort Davis Cave

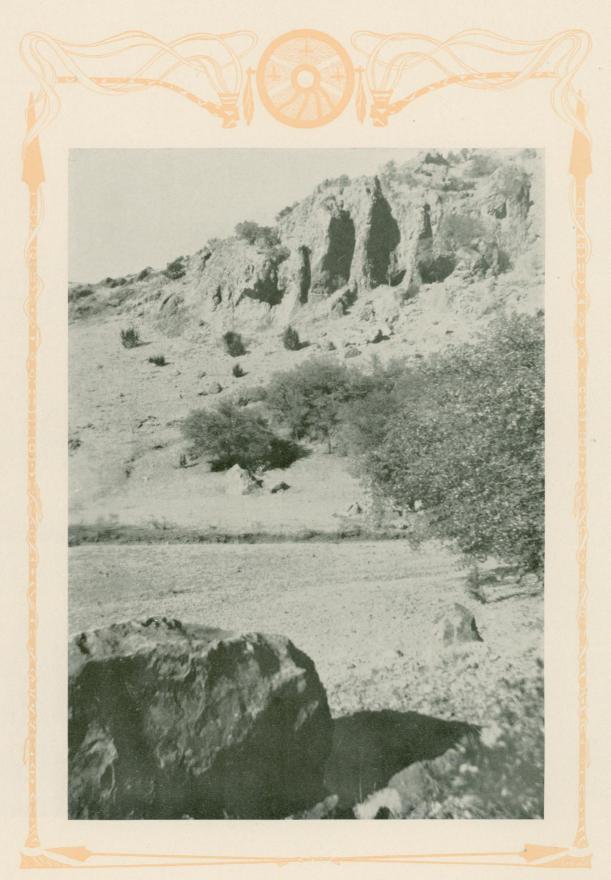
SMALL black chasm among the rocks on a Fort Davis mountain side, a chasm so unobtrusive as to have been overlooked until two years ago, is the opening to the Indian Cave at Fort Davis. There, as late as Civil War days, perhaps, the Indians lived—now at peace with the whites, now making fearful raids, stealing cattle, rushing out from ambush upon freighters, and attacking the fort. And along the walls and ceiling of the cave they left in picture-writing a mystifying record—of these very raids, perhaps, though our interpretation of the crude paintings is only conjectural. On the dark walls and ceilings are numerous prints—originally white but gray now from time —of the hand, each one a symbol, probably, a boast of some deed of prowess. In red outline along the wall is a map, the tips of its numerous projections evidently indicating to the Indian the location of waterholes and camp sites. On the wall, too, are black and red paintings, among them the two leaping deer and the quaint animal jauntily confronting a bow and arrow, which appear in this book. Many other deer, one of them a great buck with beautiful antlers, file across the cavern walls, along with a buffalo and a coyote, each one, doubtless, hinting of some outstanding event in Indian life.



Fern Canyon

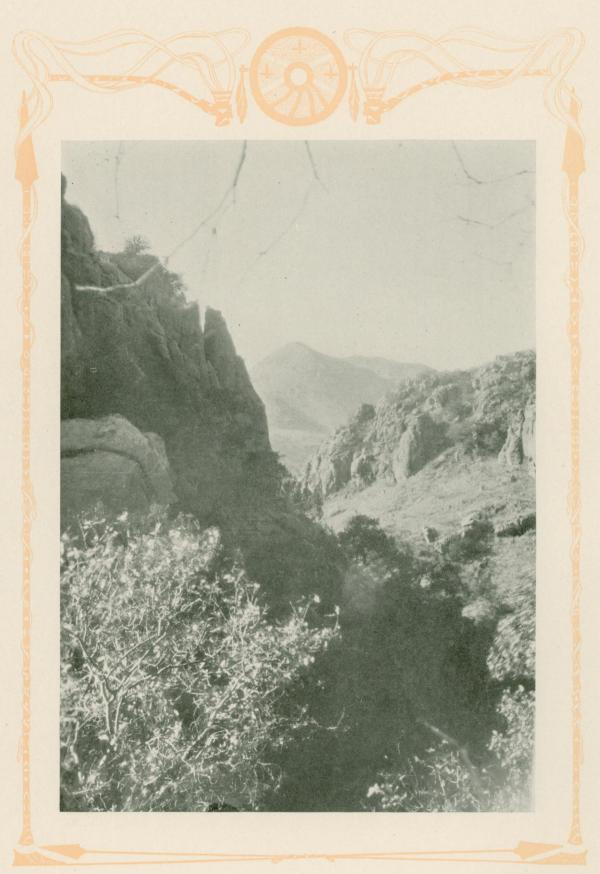
Alpine, is one of the most beautiful canyons in the Davis Mountains. From its opening toward Mitre Peak to the south, its trail winds ever upward, around boulders, through steep, narrow passes, under a dripping, fern-fringed ledge, past a waterfall and its worn basin below, on to the high level spaces where a pool spreads dark and deep under the shadow of the rock arch that spans it. Just below this spot, a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the canyon, is the Tippitt orchard, once the site of the largest Indian village in West Texas. Neatly laid-off streets have been ploughed up, and fragments of rock terraces stand in a semi-circle facing a big spring.

Hollowed in the solid rock above the spring are pot holes, or mortars, the pestles of which are in the museum at Sul Ross. Within sight of the mouth of the canyon is a chief's grave, which has yielded valuable relics—beads and finely-wrought arrow heads. Although in Fern Canyon itself only one evidence of Indian habitation has been found, a turtle-back scraper of flint rock, used for dressing skins, it seems improbable that the Indian hunters would have failed to use this passage-way from the village to the highlands. The canyon may even have resounded long ago with chants and battle cries, but its rugged walls give back now only college song and blithe laughter, and permit no stored-up echo of fiercer notes to escape from the silence of the centuries.



Indian Cave at Sunny Glen

ROCK Column Cave is one of two Indian residence caves half way up the cliffs that shut in the sweep of grassy prairie known as Sunny Glen. Its high arched opening, facing a canyon wall to the south, is approached by a steep and rocky trail. Between its columns one passes into a big chamber with dirt floor and smoke-grimed roof. A metate and muller, now in the museum at Sul Ross, animal bones, scraps of sandals, and a bone awl used for piercing or sewing were scattered in the loose soil of this chamber. Masses of pit lining (dried vegetation used for lining the storage pits) and pieces of charcoal, found at a depth of several feet beneath the dirt floor, are other evidences of centuries of Indian occupation of this cave.



Presbyterian Canyon

RESBYTERIAN CANYON, though just off the Border Highway, retains the air of seclusion and wild beauty of the days when it overlooked the old Indian trail, winding through Paisano Pass and skirting Lover's Rock and Kokernot Springs on its long way from Presidio across the Big Bend. But if behind those boulders, lighted frequently now by the bonfires of college students, Indian braves long ago danced their ceremonial dances, the canyon has not betrayed their secrets. Only its neighbors, Lover's Rock across a little stream to the south, and Breakfast Nook, a wood-circled space a quarter of a mile to the west, have yielded up their evidence of Indian habitation. At Lover's Rock wagon trains of provisions and gold en route from Presidio to Fort Stockton encountered attacking Apaches, who dropped an occasional arrow head along the route. And Breakfast Nook, with its adjacent water hole, was once, as numerous recently discovered molinos, or hand mills, testify, an Indian camp site.

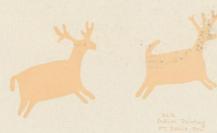
A canyon that looked down on stern councils of war and bloody frays might well regard as ironic the names—"Lover's Rock", "Breakfast Nook", and "Presbyterian Canyon"—bestowed by picnickers, in these uneventful days, on places that once probably bore the more picturesque Indian names, with their connotation of high romance or grim fate. But the imperturbable walls of the canyon reflect neither scorn nor amused tolerance. Rugged, impassive as the face of an Indian chief, they look out upon the automobiles speeding along the highway.

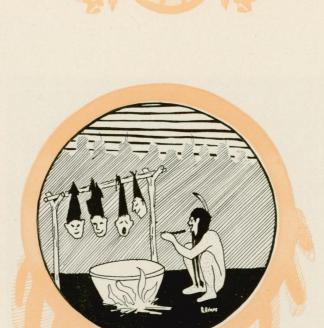


The Ruins of Old Fort Davis

HE crumbling adobe stockade and barracks and the more durable stone of Officer's Row at Old Fort Davis stand guard as faithfully now as in the days of Indian warfare, though there is little to stand guard over now save the memories and associations of a heroic past. The earliest of those memories go back more than half a century, for though the permanent buildings were not erected until 1867, the Post was established by Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, in 1854, and but for a brief period of abandonment during the Civil War, the Fort was the setting for dramatic scenes until its final abandonment in 1891. Through all these years it has hoarded its wealth—tales of daring, of noble sacrifice, of death, and of love.

Of these myriad legends and tales none is more poignantly beautiful than that of the Indian maiden who gave her life to save the man she loved from death at the hands of her people. Wounded during one of the Apache raids on the Fort, she had been left to die beside the trail, but Mrs. Easton, the mother, of a young Lieutenant, Thomas Easton, took the girl into the Fort and nursed her back to life. For two years the shy, grateful maiden lived in the Easton home. Then one night she stole away to her people, and no one knew, perhaps, that she had gone heartbroken because the young lieutenant, to whom she had given her love, was to be married the next day to a charming American girl. For a year there was no explanation of the mysterious disappearance of the Indian girl. Then one night the sentry on duty heard a stealthy footstep. He challenged, but received no reply. He fired, and the scream of a woman answered the shot. Dying, the Indian maiden gasped a warning: her people were coming to kill and burn; "Tom" must be saved. And she was dead without the happy realization that her warning had been timely, that her life had saved the Fort and the man she loved.





Comanche Drum

Administration

The Abundant Life

"I am come that they might have life,

And that they might have it more abundantly."

It is to realize this larger life that youth dreams, parents sacrifice, and the public provides for education.

If your dreams are to come true, if the sacrifices of your parents are to be justified, if the investments of public funds in your welfare are to earn large dividends, you must gain certain definite and fundamental values from your college career.

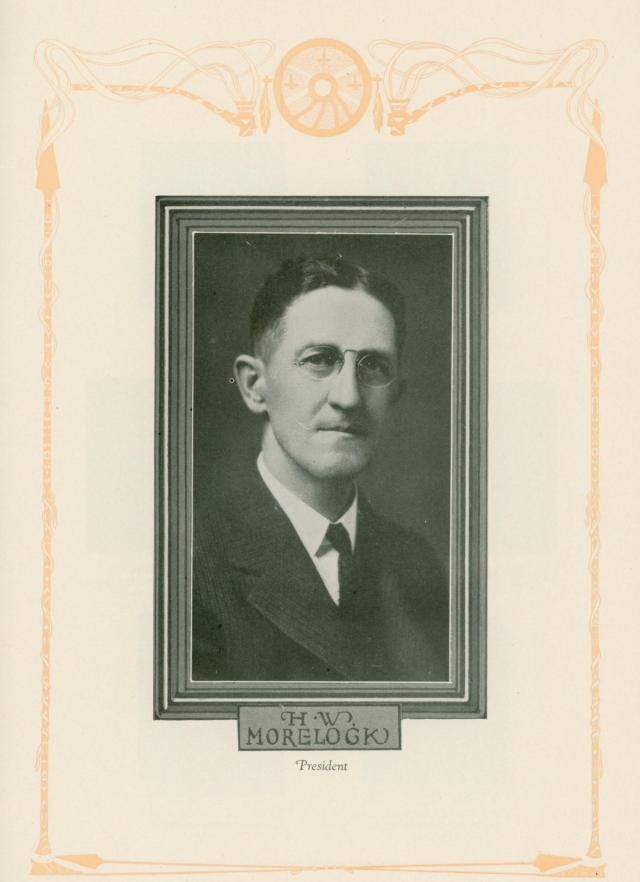
I trust that the contacts you have made, the new friendships you have formed, and the experiences you have encountered during your college days have broadened your sympathies and increased your tolerance of human weaknesses, have made you surer in sensing life's real values and more ready to serve your fellow man, a closer student of human nature and affairs, richer in life's content, in culture, in spiritual aptitudes and attitudes.

You have achieved these ends if you have developed in the laboratories the scientific attitude toward life, if you have broadened and deepened, by contact with the library, your knowledge of the beauties of literature and art, and chiefly if you have learned by association with your fellow students that a human being is God's highest creation and that your most sacred duty is to your fellow man.

If you have learned these great truths during your college days, life for you will be more abundant, and the world will be better because of your training for service.

Sincerely yours,

H. W. Monfock





H. E. ALLEN
Professor of History and
Government



 $\begin{array}{c} {\rm HELEN~ALLEN} \\ {\it Associate~Professor~of} \\ {\it Music} \end{array}$



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IRMA LEE BATEY
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GRACE BEDELL

Professor of Domestic Science
and Arts



CLEMMA BILLINGSLEY
Critic Teacher and Supervisor
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Associate Professor of Physical Education for Women



J. C. COLEMAN Associate Professor of Education



H. J. COTTLE $\begin{array}{c} \textit{Professor of Agriculture and} \\ \textit{Biology} \end{array}$



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ARRICE E. COWAN

Dean of Women and Professor

of Latin and Spanish of Latin and Spanish



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P. M. PENROD Associate Professor of Commercial Subjects



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Professor of Education and
Director of Training School



CARROLL STEVENS Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Science in the Sub-College Division



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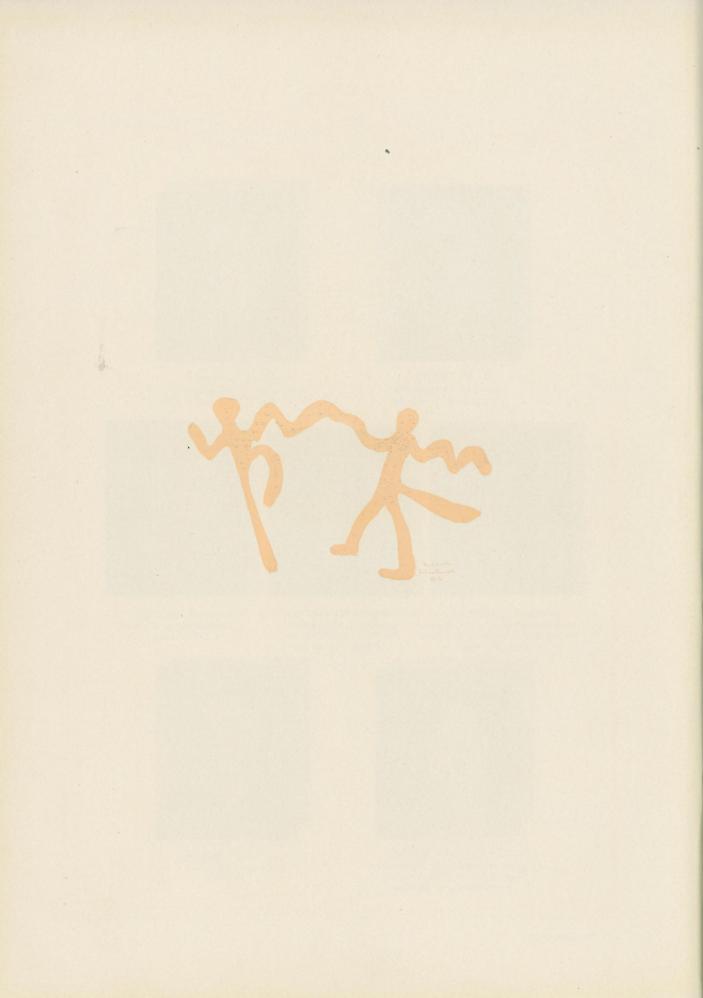
V. J. SMITH Professor of Manual Training



MYRTLE LEE VOULES Critic Teacher and Supervisor of Practice Teaching in Intermediate Grades



F. G. WALKER
Professor of Chemistry and
Physics





CLASSES

Sun Painting





SENIORS



EDA WEYERTS,



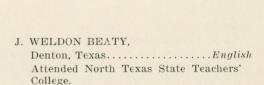
DUNCAN SCOTT,



WILLENA MAY,



YULA MIGHELL,



Attended Trinity University; Girls' Glee Club '28; Sachems '28; Second Vice-President of Class '28.











TOM BOWLES,

Alpine, Texas......Industrial Education Football '23; Basket Ball '24, '25; Radio Club '26; Exchange Editor and Sport Editor of Skyline '28; Class Secretary '28; Skyline Reporter '26.



LOUISE NOBLE



GEORGIA HOLLAND,



LOUIS A. LOEFFLER,

FRANCES ELAINE GILLET,



THOMAS INMAN,



EDRIE GORDON COWAN,

Sweetwater, Texas.......Social Science Tennis Team '25, '26, '27; S. T. R. pin '26; S. T. R. sweater '27; Sachems '27, '28; W. A. A. Council '26, '27, '28; Vice-President W. A. A. '27.



BEATRICE DAVIS,





KATHRYNE MINNICK,



JOHN BOYD,



DOROTHY KNOLLE,



JUNIORS



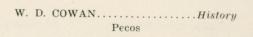






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Roscoe









MRS. ELIZABETH DENNIS.... English Alpine





EURA MAE GARNER.....Spanish
Snyder

















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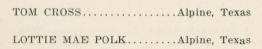
















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RUTH ANDERSON.....Alpine, Texas





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FRANKIE COCHRAN......Tornillo, Texas





STAFFORD FRITTER..Bracketville, Texas GENEVA DUDERSTADT..Kerrville, Texas





MABEL RUTH BIRDSONG .Alpine, Texas GRACE SAWYER.....Rock Springs, Texas



Comanche Drum

Freshmen







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BESSIE LOU JOHNSON CARROLL VAUGHN OPAL CHAFFIN







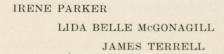
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PAUL CARROLL FLORENCE CARVAJAL JOHN UNDERWOOD









VINA JONES
STERLING HORTON
WILLIE MAE REID







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EVA CHAFFIN

EARNIE HARDIN













LURLINE BRITTON

BELLE BUNNELL

CLAUDE ANDERSON













RICHARD IRVING $\begin{array}{ccc} \text{HENRIETTA BACKUS} \\ & \text{VIDA MAE COULSON} \end{array}$



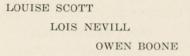




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MARY MCCUTCHEON

DICK MEYER









SARAH KING
LANDRETH TURNER
VIVIAN NELSON







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VIRGINIA HALE
ONIS VINEYARD







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ELISE OGDEN

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H. L. STUCKEY

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ALLENE REVELL







FERN WILKES $\begin{array}{c} \text{BILLY B. VEST} \\ \\ \text{ELLA FANCHER} \end{array}$







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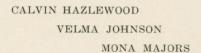
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ELIZABETH BANKS

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MARIE POUNCEY

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RUTH CAMERON
EDNA EDITH JONES

EVELYN SMITH $\label{eq:control} \mbox{JOHN HEAD}$ $\mbox{EVELYN RICHARDS}$

ESTELLE MOORE
HELEN SMITH
GAY MILLER







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RUBY PENROD PAUL CHAFFIN MELBA SMITH

EDITH ANDERSON JOHNNIE ALLEN I. A. BOYD

EDYTHE JEMEYSON ANNIE KATE SANDIFER EDWARD BURKE

MATTIE McDONALD DORA CHADICK



Comancha Drum

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FRANCES McCOLLOM...San Angelo, Texas
GEORGE BRANDEL......Hamilton, Ohio

JACK BAGGETT......San Antonio, Texas

MARY BOATRIGHT.....Sweetwater, Texas

LUCILLE BOWERS...Mineral Wells, Texas

GEORGE BURNETT......Dumas, Texas

MRS. HAZEL TYLER.....El Paso, Texas



SUMMER SCHOOL



















RUDOLPH MELLARD.

Brand '27; Business Manager Skyline '27; Mask and Slipper Club '25, '26, '27; Baseball '23, '24; Most Popular Boy '25; "T" Club '24, '25, '26, '27, Pres. '25; Writers' Guild '26, '27; Sec'y of Writers' Guild '27; Class President Winter '26, Fall '27; Vice-President of Ex-Student Association '27; Student Council '27.

FANNIE MAY,

Scholarship '26; Literary Editor of Brand '27; S. T. R. Pin '27; Recording Secretary of Sul Ross Scholarship Society '27; Press Club '27; Secretary of Student Council '27; Secretary and Treasurer of Ex-Student Association '27.

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W. A. A. Council '27; Social Committee of Class '27.

WARNER REID,

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GLADYS PETERS,

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MRS. MYRTLE VOULES,

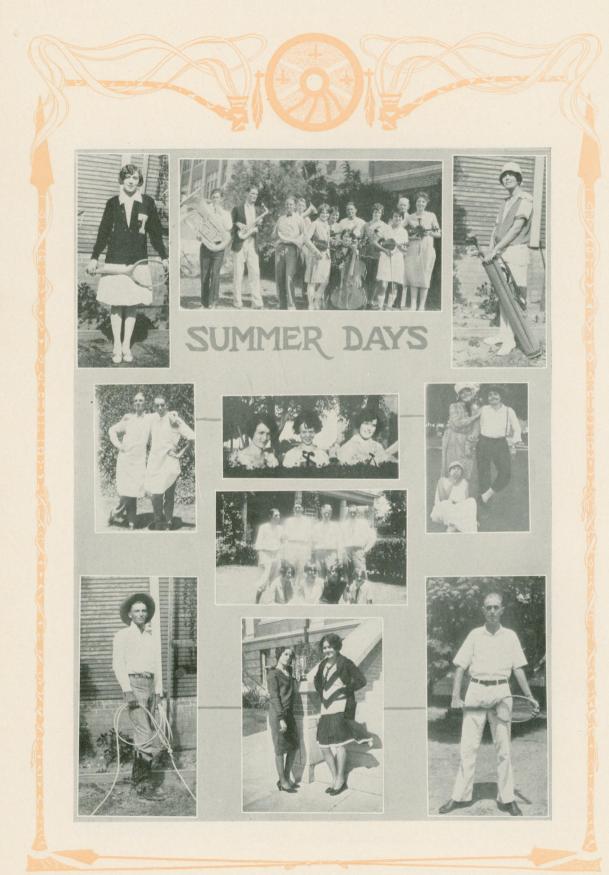
Attended Burleson College; Sachems '26,

LEON CARL HINCKLEY,

Summer '25, '26; Sports Editor of Skyline Summer '26; Business Manager of Skyline Summer '27; Attended Texas A. and M. and Oklahoma A. and M.



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ATHLETICS

Sun Pointing Meyer Sprikgs







Football

Captain Fuqua Younger



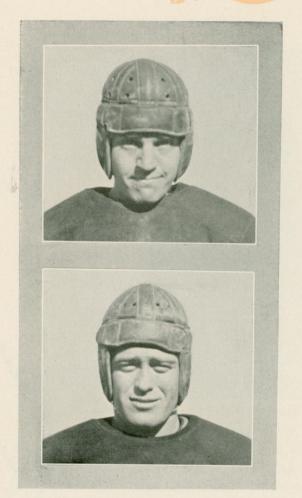
BERNICE C. GRAVES
Coach

OACH B. C. GRAVES, after a year's leave of absence, during which time he did graduate work at Stanford University and also served as assistant coach, returned to Sul Ross this year with a new football system, determined to bring victory to the wearers of the Scarlet and Gray. With a wealth of new material to build up a team around the older players, Coach soon had a winning combination. He is a master of every phase of athletics, and he is a master, besides, of the fine art of handling men, of inspiring them by his own sterling qualities of manhood, to give their best and to be true to the highest ideals of athletics.



CARROLL STEVENS
Assistant Coach

SSISTANT COACH STEVENS, of San Marcos, was a right hand bower to Coach Graves in rounding the football men into shape and introducing new plays. "Steve", as he was known on the Campus, won the friendship of every man on the team. And his popularity reached farther than the football field, for he soon became a favorite on the campus, and as an instructor he was "a find".



RAY MeNEIL Captain Elect—Full

Ray, a second-year man, is one of those shifty, plunging full-backs that are ever dangerous to the opposing team. He was particularly good at carrying the ball. He is full of fight, and his knowledge of the game was a factor in winning the back field captaincy for 1928.

$\begin{array}{c} {\rm WESLEY} \ \, {\rm TOWNSEND} \\ {\it End} \end{array}$

"Wes" played this year his fourth season with the Lobos. He is one of those consistent ends that always loom on the offense and are a menace to the enemy. He was adept at snaring passes and clever at stopping end runs. He was full of fight and endeavored to pass it along to his team mates.

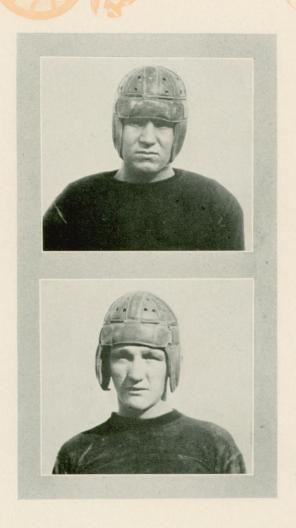


TRAVIS DEAN Guard

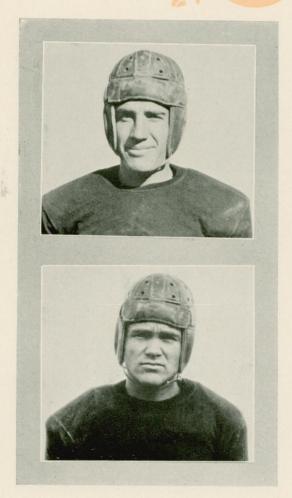
"Trav", a big husky lad from the Plains, loves the old game. He was handicapped this season by a weak ankle, but much is expected of him next year. He was not only a football man but a scholar. This was the lad who made a B average while playing football.

$\begin{array}{c} {\rm JAMES~BARDIN} \\ {\it End} \end{array}$

"Jim" was the boy who relieved Ford in the line when he was most needed. He knows no defeat and was on the job in breaking up end runs, and rushing passes.







BUDDY WITHERS Quarter—Back-field Captain

Withers is one of the coolest little quarters that ever barked signals for the Lobos. Playing a steady game throughout the season, Withers won a name as a field general. With a shifty backfield combination to support him, he pulled some classy work, and was unbaffled by the most trying situations.

W. D. COWAN Half-back

Cowan is in a class all his own as a half. Playing his third season on the Lobo pack, "Ox" was a dynamo in the huge Lobo machine. Fast, shifty, and difficult to tackle, he made many long gains for his team. Courage is his valuable asset.

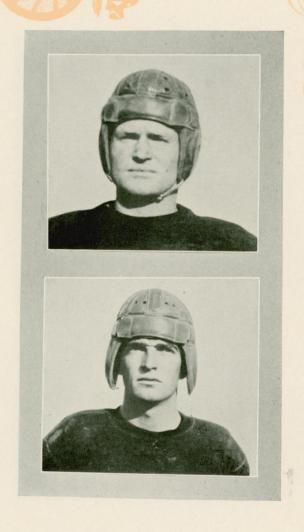


KERMIT ALLEN Half

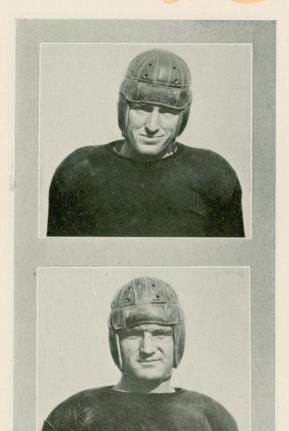
"Red" is a shifty back whose deceptive tactics make him always a menace on offensive playing, and whose excellent sportsmanship makes him a fine teammate and a respected opponent. Allen never gives up, but fights every minute of the game.

$\begin{array}{c} \text{LEON SPINDLE} \\ End \end{array}$

Spindle was one of the bravest ends ever to don a Lobo uniform. Although he is light, he has more fight than the average bulldog. They all look alike to Spindle, big or little.







$\begin{array}{c} \text{MARSHALL BOZARTH} \\ \textit{Tackle} \end{array}$

Bozarth is a linesman that opposing teams dread to face. His furious charges on offensive and his deceptive defense work were a terror to opposing linesmen. "Bo" is one of the outstanding football men in the Unorganized Southwestern Conference, and he has helped make football history for Sul Ross.

$\begin{array}{ccc} \textbf{CHARLES} & \textbf{DYER} \\ \textbf{Captan} & \textbf{Elect-Tackle} \end{array}$

Always as steady as a mule and ever playing a cool, consistent game, Charles was one of the strongest linesmen. He plugged a hole in the line with such sturdiness that few plays by opposing teams were attempted through his position. His knowledge of the game and qualities of leadership stood out in such a fashion that he was unanimously selected as line Captain for next year.

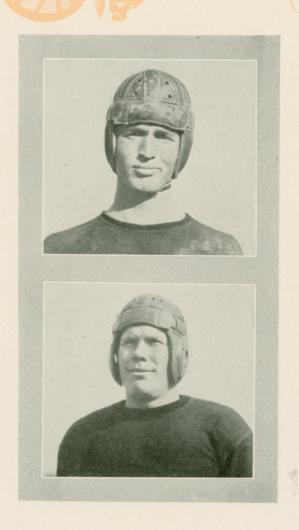


GEORGE BURNETT $\frac{Tackle}{}$

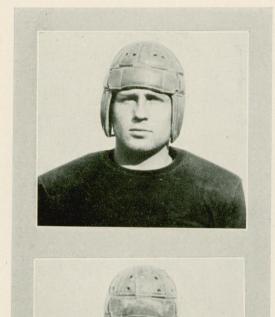
George was a first-year man whose fighting spirit made up for his lack of weight. He played a consistent game as a linesman and was a big help to the starting line as a relief man.

JIM CROW Full-back

Jim is a typical football man. He is tall, heavy, fast and full of fight. Although Crow was late in getting to Sul Ross, he soon won a place on the pack. His educated toe was a big factor in every game. He "booted the ball fur and high". In the game with St. Mary's College, Crow punted from beneath the goal 85 yards, and the ball landed across the other goal. He will be a hard man to replace.





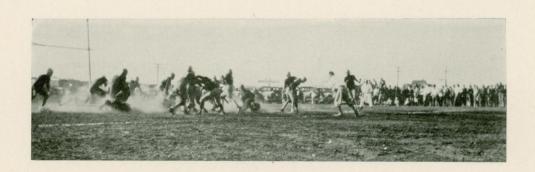


$\begin{array}{c} \text{GENE ALFORD} \\ Half \end{array}$

Playing his second season in a Lobo uniform, Gene rammed and raced his way through every opposing line. Shifty and fast, he is a remarkable back. He will always be remembered for his work in the Tech game.



Clark has won the reputation of being one of the fastest men on Texas gridirons. He always fights to win, and even when defeated, he is never vanquished. Bob stands out as an all-round excellent player.

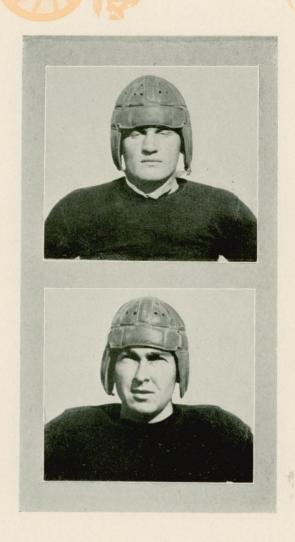


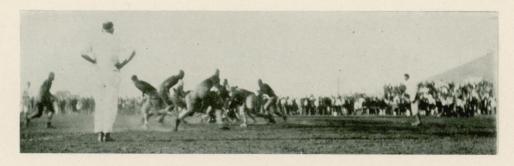
$\begin{array}{c} {\rm JACK} \ \ {\rm BAGGETT} \\ {\it Half} \end{array}$

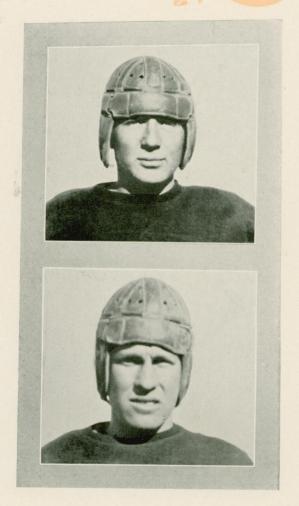
Jack came to us from the Peacock Military Academy. He was particularly good at breaking up passes. With a little more experience he should be a valuable back.

$\begin{array}{c} {\rm STERLING\ HORTON} \\ {\it Guard} \end{array}$

Chick is also a transfer from Peacock. He is a big fellow with a big spirit, and experience should make a consistent player of him.







WILBUR GRAY Guard

Gray played his first season in a Lobo uniform this year. Although light, he is a power on offense. He is fast and full of courage. He will be a valuable man next year.

$\begin{array}{c} \text{EARNIE HARDIN} \\ Full \end{array}$

"Bo" came to us from Canyon High School. He has remarkable ability as a football player, and should be a valuable man next season. He was fast and shifty, and loved to play.

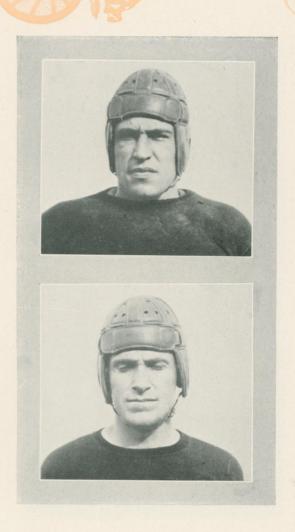


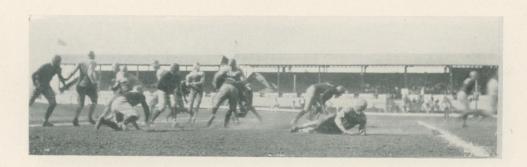
GEORGE BRANDEL Tackle

Brandel was a new man on the team this year, but he knew the game, and his size and strength won him a position in the line. Brandel was never flashy, but played a consistent game. He was a menace to opposing teams on offense.

PAUL FORD End

This was "Jit's" last year with the Lobos, and he strove to make it his best one. His height and weight were valuable in his excellent work at the wing position, and his speed enabled him to down the safety without allowing him much gain. Few opposing backs were able to gain around his end.







LEE SMITH Guard

Lee was a power on defense. Few linesmen were able to take him out of the play. Sturdy and full of fight, he was an inspiration to his team-mates. He loves the game, and respects its standards.

EDWARD B. GRADY Quarter

Sul Ross was this year blessed with a quarter that knew football thoroughly, and had a personality that drove his men on when defeat looked certain. "Grady" was fast and smart. He loved the game as few men love it. He was cool and undismayed every minute of the game. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall", says Grady.



LEE BARDIN Quarter

Lee was the smallest man on the team, but one of the biggest in energy and spirit. He made up for his lightness by his courage and ability. He is a cool, fighting quarter.

FUQUA YOUNGER Captain—Guard

"Duck", whose picture heads this section, won his last sweater under Sul Ross banners, for he has four stripes on his sleeve this year. Younger was a mainstay in the line on offense and the back bone of the defense. His fine sportsmanship and his steady playing gave him the Captainship the last season. His fight and football ability mark him as an ideal football player.

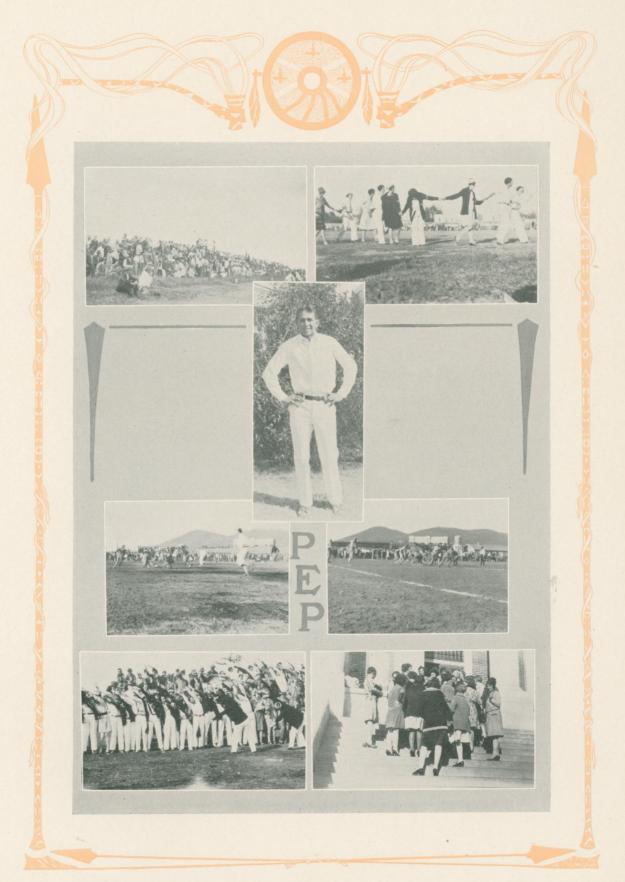






HE Sul Ross Pack, handicapped at the opening of the '27 season by green material and an entirely new system inaugurated by Coach Graves, was slow in catching its stride. The first game, lost to A. C. C., proved the Lobo fight, but the team lacked the smooth co-operation that had been shown the previous season. After strenuous training, the "Pack" invaded New Mexico; A. and M. fell before the power and trick plays of the then smooth-working machine from Sul Ross. Confident of a hard game, the Lobos, in perfect condition, met the powerful Tech Matadors on their home field. This game proved beyond a doubt that Sul Ross had one of the best teams in the Southwest. Tech was outplayed at every stage of the game, but a long Tech pass spelled defeat for the Lobos. Crippled from the Tech game and hampered by lack of practice, the Lobos met the Howard Payne Yellow Jackets three days later. Defeat was inevitable for the Lobos, but they fought to keep the score as low as possible. The Schreiner Mountaineers with eighteen straight games to their credit were the next team on the Lobo schedule. The "Pack", confident of their power, swept the Mountaineers from the field; flashy Lobo backs bowled over the heavy Cadet team. "Turkey Day" found the Lobo Pack impatient to get into the fray with St. Mary's of San Antonio on the local field. Backed by every football fan in the Big Bend section, the Lobos opened up their bag of tricks and ran wild against St. Mary's. The work of the "Pack" in the "Turkey Day" game gave the fans a thrill that will be remembered for many seasons.

Sul	Ross	0A. C. C. (Abilene)	12
Sul	Ross	19 N. M. A. and M. (Las Cruces)	6
Sul	Ross	0Tech (Lubbock)	6
Sul	Ross	7Howard Payne (Brownwood)	33
Sul	Ross	28Schreiner (Kerrville)	20
Sul	Ross	43 St. Mary's (San Antonio)	13





Football Schedule for 1928

September 29—Wayland CollegeAt Plainview (Tentative)					
October 6—Open Date					
October 13—New Mexico A. and M At Alpine					
October 20—St. Mary's UniversityAt San Antonio					
October 27—Abilene Christian CollegeAt Alpine					
November 3—Texas School of MinesAt El Paso					
November 11—Schreiner InstituteAt Del Rio					
November 17—John Tarleton Junior A. and MAt Alpine					
November 29—McMurry CollegeAt Alpine					



BASKET BALL



THE Athletic Council of Sul Ross deemed it inadvisable to have a college basket ball team for the '28 season. Hampered in practice by the lack of a gymnasium, the Lobos could not have developed a team worthy of their material. A definite schedule could not be made in basket ball because other colleges refused to play on an open court.

Much interest was shown this year in inter-class basket ball. Every boy in school drew for a berth on one of the teams. The four teams, the Hot Shots, the Alley Rats, the Rinkey-Dinks, and the Magicians, were coached respectively by Ray McNeil, George Brandel, Travis Dean, and Charles Dyer, who were selected from the advanced coaching class.







The first inter-class games caused much interest among the students. The impossible happened; two of the four teams were held scoreless. The Alley Rats triumphed over the Magicians 21-0, while the Hot Shots defeated the Rinky-Dinks 11-0. The two winners drew the two losers, who were both defeated a second time. The next clash came between the Alley Rats and the Hot Shots. The Alley Rats, who were "doped" to win the tournament, handed the Hot Shots a severe set back by romping away with the game by a 17-8 score. As the second round of play followed the previous schedule, it so happened that the Alley Rats and Hot Shots again headed the winning list. The Alley Rats did not play so well in this game; the Hot Shots won this fray 15-7. Following the same schedule for the third time, the Alley Rats and Hot Shots came thru with clean slates. After a bitterly fought contest, witnessed by many admiring fans, the Alley Rats had to give up to the superior play of the Hot Shots. This game was fast and clean; very few college teams show the fine spirit and team work that were exhibited by these two class teams. The Hot Shots won the Interclass Championship by their 11-8 victory over the Alley Rats.



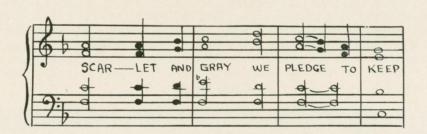


Sul Ross Chant

Words by CLASS OF '27

Music by M. GUENTHER





1			-		1			
6	9	9	0		9	8	9	0
J	OUR	FAITH	HTIM	YOU	FOR	AYE	FOR	AYE
	0	0	d		9	0	0	0
9:	0	d		8	d	0		



Women's Athletics

Sul Ross W. A. A.

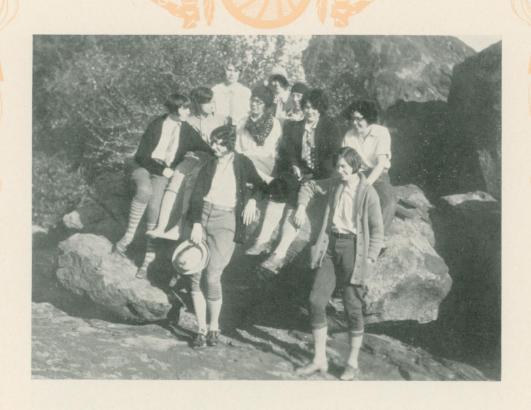
HROUGHOUT the entire history of W. A. A. its steadfast purpose has been to develop the all around girl from the standpoint of scholarship, character, personality, good sportsmanship, and sociability, as well as efficiency in sports and games.

The affairs of the organization are chiefly in the hands of an executive council, composed of the officers and the managers of the various sports. This representative council makes the organization a thoroughly democratic association with a place for every girl.

W. A. A. co-operates with the Physical Education Department in the development of women's athletics. Points are earned by reaching a set degree of efficiency in particular sports, and awards are given according to the number of points earned.

W. A. A. also strives for the development of the social side of college life among college girls. For this reason, tradition has built up two annual all-girl parties—the Pioneer Party, taking place usually near Thanksgiving, and the Valentine party. The Council banquet occurs sometime during the spring term.

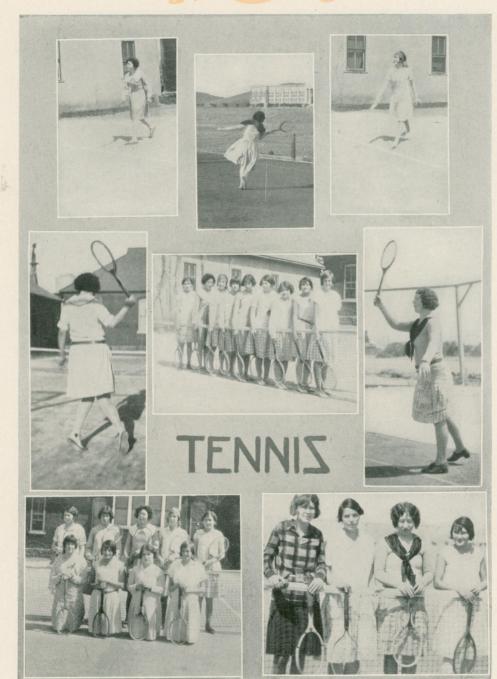
This year marks a greater participation in Field Day events by girls. A separate schedule has been provided for a greater variety of sports in which girls may enter and make points for their classes.



Council of The W. A. A.

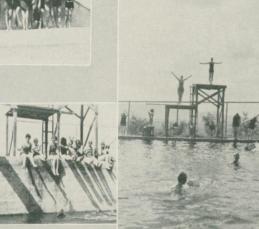
Melburn Glass	President
Onis VineyardVice-Preside	ent and Social Chairman
Edrie Gordon Cowan	Secretary
Maurine Hearn	
ADRIAN TURNEY	.Skyline Representative
HELEN PAINE	
WILLENA MAY	
Carrie Mae Vogt	Handball Manager
GEORGIA HOLLAND	Tennis Manager
JEWELL MORROW	
Dorothy Bryson	Volley Ball Manager
MERLE HAYNES	
Laura Causey	
YULA MIGHELL	

WANT.

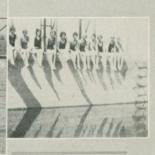


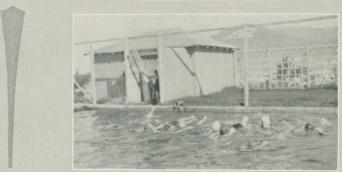
SWIMMING









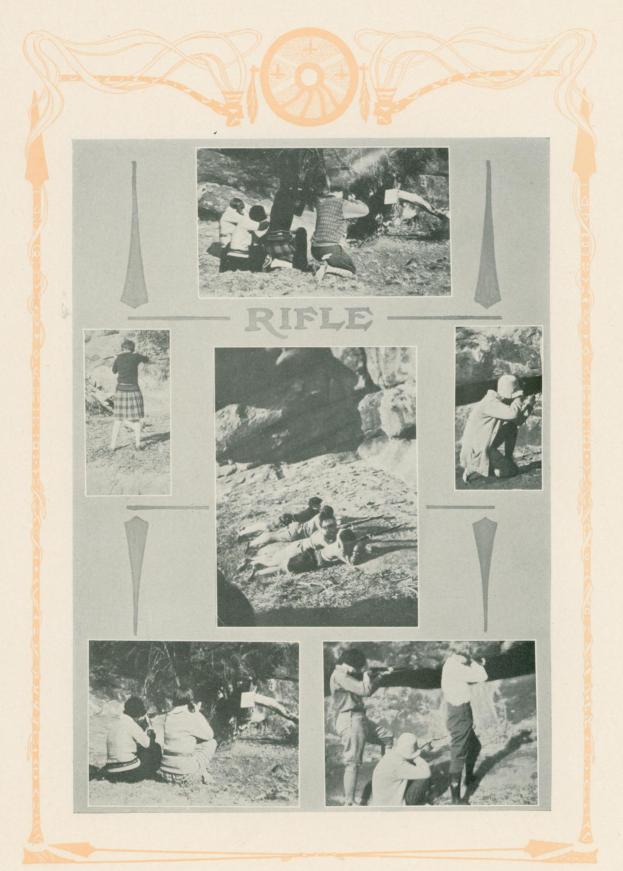


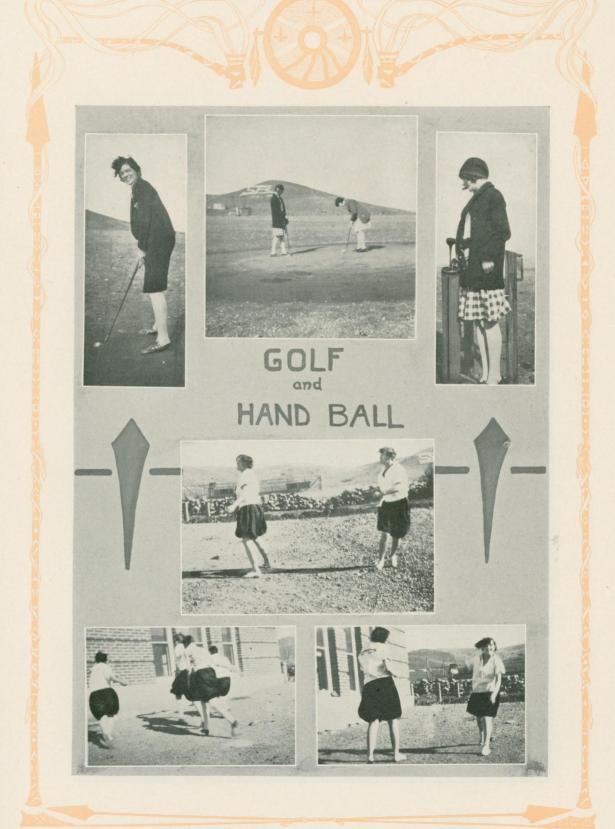






OLLEY-BALL









COLLEGE LIFE

Sun Painting Meyer Sprikg





ACTIVITIES

Mayor Springs



ALEX McGonagill	Editor-in-Chief
KERMIT ALLEN	Business Manager
JOHN FORTNER	
YULA MIGHELL	Art Editor
GENE GRIMES	Assistant Art Editor
WILLENA MAY	Literary Editor
Mrs. Hazel V. Tyler	Branding Iron Editor
J. T. WALLACE	Sports Editor
Adele Rountree	Typist

The Board

Helen Paine
Helen Baines
Lois Nevill
Mrs. Mabel Burleson
Grace Sawyer
Onis Vineyard
Mary Boatright
Eva Jones
Evelyn Smith
Fred Voss
Virginia Hale
Claire Williamson

Edna Mae Scott Kathryn Smith Frances Wilkins Duncan Scott Osa Dodson Bessie Chyle Leath Evelyn Waldrum Gladine Bowers Isabel Yates Maurine Hearn Mary Louise Bennett Merle Haynes



Duncan Scott	Editor
GLADINE BOWERS	
KERMIT ALLEN	Business Manager
J. W. O'CONNOR	Faculty Adviser

DEPARTMENTS

Louis Loeffler, Editor Enoch Martin, Assistant	News
Tom Bowles, $Editor$ Osa Dodson, $Assistant$ $\}$	Sports
ELEANOR O'CONNOR, Editor EVELYN WALDRUM EVA FERN CHAFFIN	Book Review
George Brandel	Features

The Press Club

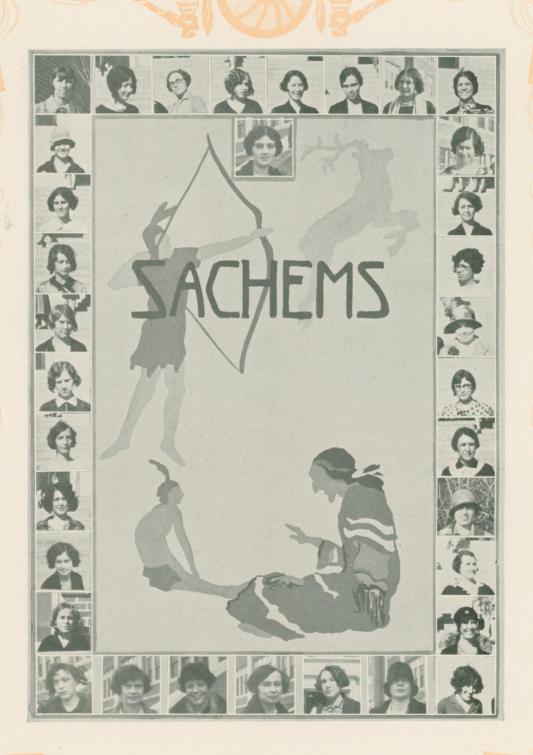
THE PRESS CLUB, one of the youngest organizations in Sul Ross, has been doing some active "pressing" this year, even if we have not heard much about it. It is affiliated with the Texas Inter-Collegiate Press Association, and the young journalists that make up its membership have contributed largely to the Skyline. The Club was organized in the spring of 1927 with fifteen charter members. Its purpose is to stimulate creative writing and interest in journalism. This year it has thirteen members:

Louis Loeffler Enoch Martin Helen Paine Tom Bowles Gladine Bowers Osa Dodson Mabel Birdsong Eleanor O'Connor Harold Byler George Brandel Edna Mae Scott Audrey McSpadden Duncan Scott



THE WRITERS' GUILD was organized in 1925 for those students who are interested in writing and in furthering creative literary art. The club holds regular monthly meetings, at which each member reads his productions and receives the comments of the other members. Every student member of the Guild graduated last year, but others of the literary bent were discovered in the fall term, five of them, incidentally, in the freshman class. There are eight members:

H. E. Allen Lutie Britt Mrs. Hazel Tyler Mrs. Eppie Chalk Duncan Scott Helen Paine Eva Chaffin Opal Chaffin





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ORCHESTRA & BAND



West State of the second secon





GLEE CLUBS





ALEX McGonagill	Orchestra
Eda Weyerts	Seniors
W. D. COWAN	Juniors
BUDDY WITHERS	Sophomores
JIMMIE TERRELL	Freshmen
Melburn Glass	$\dots \dots W. A. A.$
Duncan Scott	Scholarship Society
Blanche Cotter	Mask and Slipper
Beatrice Davis	
Louise Noble	Sachems
Bob Clark	Sub-College



Sul Ross Scholarship Society member scholarship societies of the south

Organized at Southwestern University, 1922 Sul Ross Chapter Admitted - 1926

Student Members

Louis a. Loeffler Duncen Scott

Mabel & Burleson Isabel Yates

France Guett

William May

Eda Weyerts

Graduate Members

Fannie May nancy Watson Melren P Slover Johnne Weyerto

Honorary Members

anne agnesworth

alice Cowan F. G. Walker

Thong Stather Elliott

H. W. More Poek.

H. J. Cattle Q.C. Coleman

The Jeffersonian Literary Society

THE Jeffersonian Literary Society is an association among the young men of the college for the purpose of developing the arts of debating and extempore speaking. It was organized in 1924, as the successor of the Big Bend Literary Society, which had its origin in 1921, the first year of Sul Ross. Meetings are held semi-monthly, and a debate is part of each program. This year twelve boys belong to the organization.

John Head W: D. Cowan Lee Bardin John Hibdon Simon Walker James Terrell Louis Loeffler Elmore Alexander Paul Cates Claude Anderson Eugene McCullough Calvin Wetzig

HE Pioneer Club of Sul Ross was organized during the summer session of 1927 by a group of students acquainted with old-time dances of the frontier. Their interest in presenting these dances led to their affiliation with the West Texas Historical and Scientific Society, which is to receive the club's contributions in the field of folklore. In its purpose the organization is unique, for it strives to preserve for coming generations some of the dances, games, folklore, and customs of the pioneers. Though its members live in an age of radio, victrola, and orchestra, the club requires that something be known of the days when fiddles and "stomping" feet were quite as satisfactory as a jazz band is today. The club is essentially modern in that it seeks to revive all knowledge that is almost extinct, even the names and characteristics of the most common barnyard animals. In order that members may really catch the spirit of the organization, they are required to possess at least one typical pioneer costume apiece. Such a costume aids the members in visualizing more clearly the trials of the early settlers. But all the hardships that accompanied pioneer life will be forgotten when the club assembles its forces to have a good old-fashioned bee. This bee, which will probably become an annual affair, promises to afford for all the participants a good time in true pioneer fashion and to establish in the college a unique form of entertainment.

The members are:

EDA WEYERTS	$\dots President$
ELMORE ALEXANDER	ice-President
Mary Boatright Secretary a	nd Treasurer
LUTIE BRITT	Sponsor

Frankie Cochran Owen Boone Wilbur Gray Bob Clark Kermit Allen Leah Edwards Maurine Hearn Harold Byler Blanche Cotter Bessie Chyle Leath Lida Bell McGonagill
Laura Causey
Carolyn Graham
Vivian Nelson
Louise Noble
Anna D. Linn
Fay Hamilton
Eugene Pugh
George Pugh
John Harmon

Fall Term

SEPTEMBER:

21—Registration Day, with the greatest long-session enrollment in the history of Sul Ross. We begin once more our daily toiling up the hill, whose angle is now ninety degrees. An unusually green and vivid set of fish approach the top.



- 24—First chapel. The same august Faculty make their bow. Announcement of castle in the air—a new gym—greeted by prolonged applause. College night, starring Bee Davis as a new and wilder "Wild Nell".
- 29—Lobos defeated by A. C. C. Our first defeat—incidentally, our first game.
- 30—W. A. A. tea in the gym. Miss Britt talks at length on uses of the new gym.

OCTOBER:

5—Faculty picnic. Prexy wins the broad jump. Snaked in chapel by Col. Crimmins. Fantastic, freakish freshmen from Berkeley Hall. No hazing aloud, but plenty under your breath. Whitewash,



fish, and a general smearing, while the Bar-SR-Bar gets a fresh coat. Slimes put themselves upon the map, parading the town in full fish regalia. None cropped by the cows.

10—Sub-College picnic. Introduction to college life. Sachems pledge at the Linn house. See that your S isn't on back-

ward.



- 11—Juniors picnic at Paradise. Plenty pep. Are these the Sophs of yesteryear? Cake-eating prize winners—York Willbern and John Fortner.
- 13—Pep meeting. "Are we Lobos?" "Yea, Lobos". Plans in some detail for the new

gym announced. Loud hand-clapping and much congratulatory back-slapping. Visions of numerous delightful winter and spring functions in the gym.

15—And the Lobos down the New Mexico Aggies! Miss Pendley schedules sub-college classes for mumble-peg and

marbles in new gym.

16—Professor Ratliff, handsome faculty hunter, scares a wildcat to death. Practice makes perfect—how oft that same sardonic look has chilled the class that failed to laugh anew at the old and oft-repeated joke. The Sachems initiate with gruesome rite six trembling novices.



OCTOBER—Continued:

- 17—And the Fish dedicate their own little hill. A proper and fitting spirit; Fish, you may be whales someday.
- 18—Soph picnic and a good time conceded, even by the class grouch.
- 19—The Pep Squad storms the show. Master Mind members are duly elected and properly entertained at a pink tea. John Fortner weaves a masterly chapel talk around the theme, "And will you, won't you please have your pictures taken for the Brand?"



- 20—More news concerning gym reaches us. Scattered applause. A few skeptics on back row arch eyebrows.
- 22—Lobos lose to Texas Tech. The pace was swift, but the fight was stiff. Miss Britt parades her domestic talents at a luncheon for the officers of W. A. A.



- 25—The Sachems serve tea at a regular meeting, having fallen heir to a new tea-set. If someone would give the spoons—.
- 26—Still with the Ladies—a mere man has no show at Sul Ross. The W. A. A. Council pienies at Paradise.
- 27—And the Yellow-Jackets pour it on the Lobos.
- 31—Carnival-going students attract faculty spooks.

NOVEMBER:

1—A pepless pep meeting. Girls to the rescue, forming their own pep squad. Squeamish Miners call off the game! Mask and Slipper Club locked out. Classy try-outs on the front steps. Aspiring Romeos and Juliets occupy the balcony.



- 2—The Russian Cossack Chorus, and we hear the musical growl of the Russian bear.
- 5—The Coyotes crowd the Marfa Cavalry players right off the map. Girls' Pep Squad make their initial and noisy appearance. First College Dance of the year passes into harmless history.



NOVEMBER—Continued:

- 7—Mask and Slipper initiation. No casualties, but some disfigurement to pride.
- 11—Lobos show the Schreiners what's what!

 A real game and lots of it. We celebrate
 Armistice Day with a will.
- 16-W. A. A. sends delegates to State Con-
- vention at Austin, loaded with instructions and heaps of advice. Cowan goes into retirement.
- 18—New Mexico S. T. C. calls off game. Forgiven but not forgotten.
- 19—W. A. A. delegates return at four fifty A. M. Not greeted by an overwhelming crowd; only the dauntless
 Lobo Cowan braves the morning air.
- 22—Seniors learning the sign language. Voice affection? No, new class rings.
- 23—Pep that is pep—a bonfire on Jackson Field. At least a drygoods box, a barrel, and a match. Crowd ignominiously
 - routed by poison gas. (Who the heck threw that casing on?)
- 24—Turkey day, and the Lobos crush St. Mary's Rattlers.

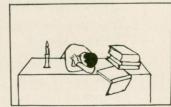


28—The Sophs start something—picknicking and rock-picking at Bootleggers Canyon. "Gaaranteed" hand-selected rocks.

DECEMBER:

- 1—The walrus was right; the time has come to think of many things—that we should have learned and didn't.
- 5—The rock fever grows. Seniors emulate Sophs. Far-sighted senior suggests scheme for inexpensive gym: Let classes collect rock for building material.
- 8-Sul Ross admitted to T. I. A. A. Good children are ever thus rewarded.
- 9—Mr. Ratliff promises to learn new jokes. Hope springs eternal—we await the new model as eagerly as we await the new Ford.
- 10—Old Father Time turns backward several revolutions, as witness the old-fashioned girls at the Pioneer Party.
- 12—Silent week begins noisily and much like every other week.
- 17-18—Silent week actually becoming silent.

 A perfect union of midn'ght oil and midnight toil. "For the luva Pete stay out and let me study."
- 19—Exes, home for the holidays, clutter the halls with supercilious smiles and wiser-than-thou attitudes.



DECEMBER—Continued:

- 20—Snow! a real snow! Faces freely washed and necks scoured. Fraid-cats and sissies feign flu and stay indoors.
- 21—Ye Gods, what makes teachers so cruel-hearted?
- 22—Faith in humanity shattered. Ratliff gives a hard exam! If we had laughed





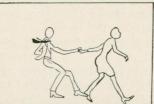
harder, his exam might have been softer. Merry Christmas to all and a Happy New Year. All Abo-o-a-rd for the Orient!

Winter Term

JANUARY:

3—Registration's the game. "Nobody Knows

- How Broke I Am.'' 'S funny how worldly wise the Fish look now. A term's a term—but a fish is a fish for a' that. Santa didn't bring us the new gym, but he left a new little Walker on December 28.
- 5—Cute little green caps adorn the campus, for every little fish has a green cap all her own. Button, Slime!
- 11—Very solemn and official announcement made in chapel for benefit of new students. Children, we are to have a Gym! Brand sale begins with a slam. Miss Batey introduces musical instruments little and big. Mr. Ratliff learns the name of the 'cello before its marriage.
- 12—The Sophs pretend picnicking while rolling rocks down the hill. How do upper-classmen get in on Soph picnics? And why do they want to?
- 13—Sachems pledge new members with a copious use of purple ink and white feathers. Our sympathy to somebody's old white hen.



- 16—Freshman leap Year Midnight Matinee for Seniors. John Fortner has his first date, two ovations, and several blushes.
- 19—Juniors picnic at Fern Canyon. Mr. Allen runs into the bus. Bus overturns, but the little old Ford rambles right along. Again we see the power of mind over matter.
- 20—Sachems initiate twelve. Sliding down banisters and walking rails mar the evening for the fair initiates, but even the banisters survive.
- 20-Feb. 9—''Has the inspector come yet?'' Faculty members wear their best bib and tucker every day. The janitor and gardener work overtime and all the time. Prexy's best suit is wearing threadbare. Miss Linn threatens to break down or break out.
- 21—College Dance—and we trip the light fantastic or linger in the halls.

JANUARY—Continued:

24—Grand resurrection of the seemingly defunct Junior Class! Life and class spirit run rampant. Lemons and tea are served at Chapel Period!



25—Pioneer Club initiates with a shocking ceremony. Allusion to gym greeted with apathy. Words, words, words!

27—Miss Aynesworth, sponsor, gives a party for her Juniors, the honorary Juniors, and the Juniors-in-law. Miss Anne's famous maca-

roons and a crystal ball are the life of the party.

28-Berkeley Hall goes to the river. Berkeley Hall comes back.

FEBRUARY:

1—The Seniors, fearing for the manners of their college mates, bring out a book on



etiquette. Nothing deleted, nothing omitted, everything there.

- 1—Henry Easton Allen, Junior, assumes headship of Allen household.
- 4-Mask and Slipper reception. Juice, juice, who's got the loganberry juice?

9—The inspector finally comes—we are a bit run down at the heel from long waiting, but do a snappy comeback. W. A. A. hikers go to Sunny Glen and return sans food and sans Mary Boatright. Tom Bowles, and Wig McMullan, the body guards of Mary and the eats, assumed a Coolidge air when interviewed.

10—Faculty once more assume everyday clothes and ordinary airs.

11—The Leap Year Dance. Girls demonstrate the proper method of datemaking. Cupid and the King and Queen of Hearts drop in. 17—The Seniors picnic at Fern Canyon. Miss Elliott shines as cake baker, while the Seniors excel as cake-eaters.

17-18—Inter-scholastic League Basket Ball Tournament. Games prove more interesting than classes. Cuts mark the day. Even faculty members

take a short cut across the campus to the field.

18-Lovers of all ages meet in the gym for a dance and peep into the Book of Romance.

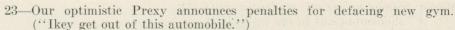
19—Brand Staff makes its debut in chapel with impromptu speeches carefully prepared. John Fortner offered the chair of oratory in Sul Ross

next year. The College beauty line files across, bartering smiles for votes. these the faces, Marlowe might well ask, "That launched a thousand ships

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?" 21—Delegates go to Master Mind meeting at Howard Payne in order to claim the tradi-

tional five hours unaccounted for. 22—Holiday—holiday! Few and far between are the holidays of Sul Ross. We thank thee, George!





28—First swim of the season. Brr! Cold?

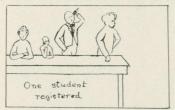
MARCH:

1—Daisy Jean concert. And how we liked Daisy Jean!

6—Juniors entertain Seniors at a banquet which arouses envy of all Sophs and slimes, not to mention Specials and left-out faculty members. Enthusiastic Seniors proclaim it the social event of the year and the most successful banquet in the history of Sul Ross. And the Juniors modestly agree.

7—Hancock Pool is opened with due ceremony. Spring has came, the springboards say. After warning the students against undue credulity, President Morelock announces that someone has written to him that he saw a man who said that he saw a man who claimed that he had seen the blueprint for the new gym. Dull-eyed wonder.

9—The dark corridors are brightened by sudden splashes of color. The football boys are very becoming to their new sweaters. Strict orders are issued that said sweaters may not be worn by girls in lieu of engagement



rings.
19—Registration. Stampede in the office for grades. "I made an A in English; he gave me an E in math."

20—Dr. Benedict, President of the University of Texas, visits us. Sul Ross Scholarship Society open meeting. Faculty luncheon honoring "Benny". Texas-exes have chuck-wagon

supper at Paradise. Dr. Benedict addresses the West Texas Historical Society. (There weren't any more hours in the day.)

28—The Sophs give an illustrated lecture. Moral: Don't use slang.

30—Bob and Gene put on the best show that ever came to Alpine. Magician's tricks, chalk talks, trap dancing, and tuxedos.

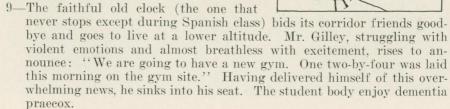
12—Silent week begins. No dates, thank you.

15-17—Exams, crams, shams, slams, blams.

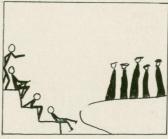
31—"Every—teacher in Sul Ross goes on the Freshman picnic." Seventy-five Fish at Fern almost tax the capacity of the canyon.

APRIL:

1—The brand of Fish Hill is demolished by a few Soph vandals with no appreciation of the aesthetic.



14—The Brand—you know—too tired—



CARLSBAD CAVETN MEYETS Spring Lobo DUDE RANCH

WANT OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY



Nevertheless



Mansions



The Diabolical Circle

Plays Presented by the Mask and Slipper Club





Valentine Party









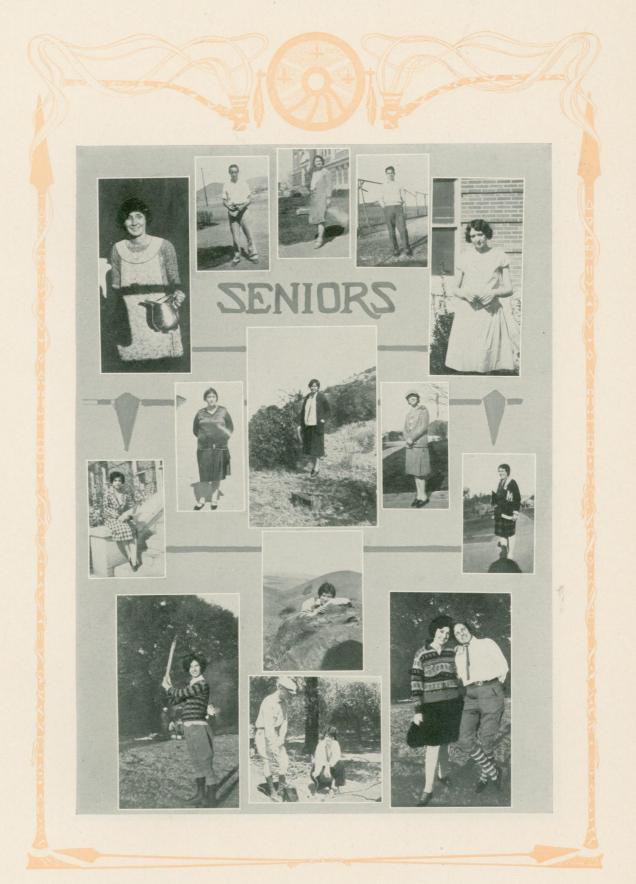






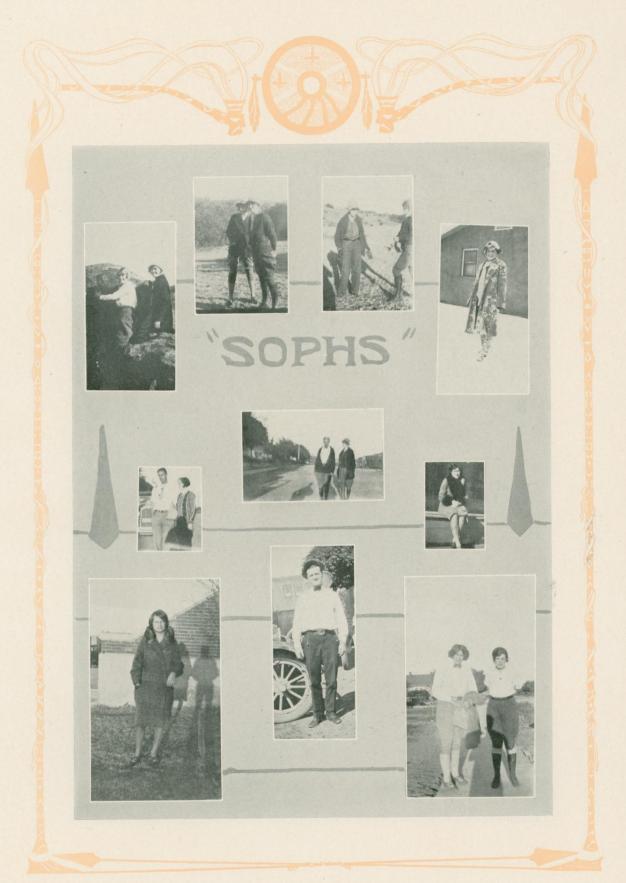
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SUB-COLLEGE ATHLETIC

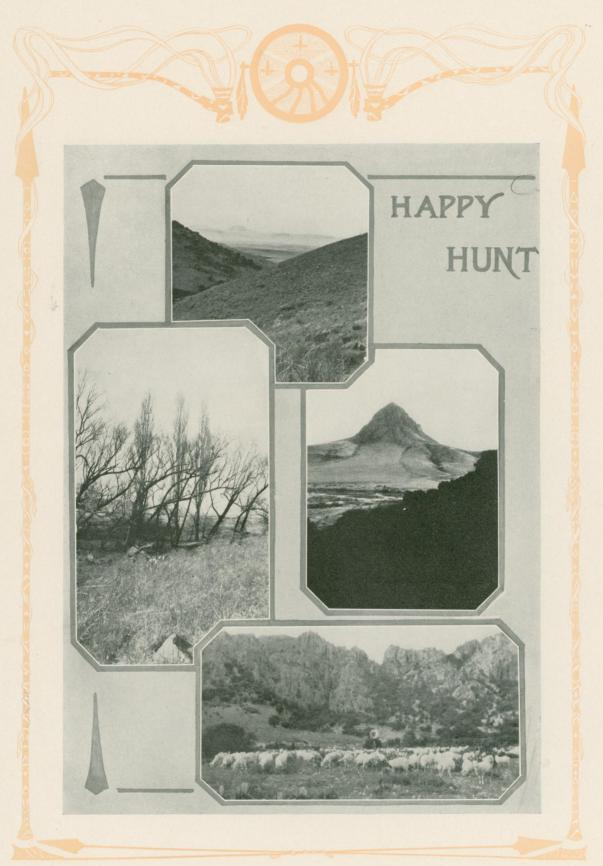


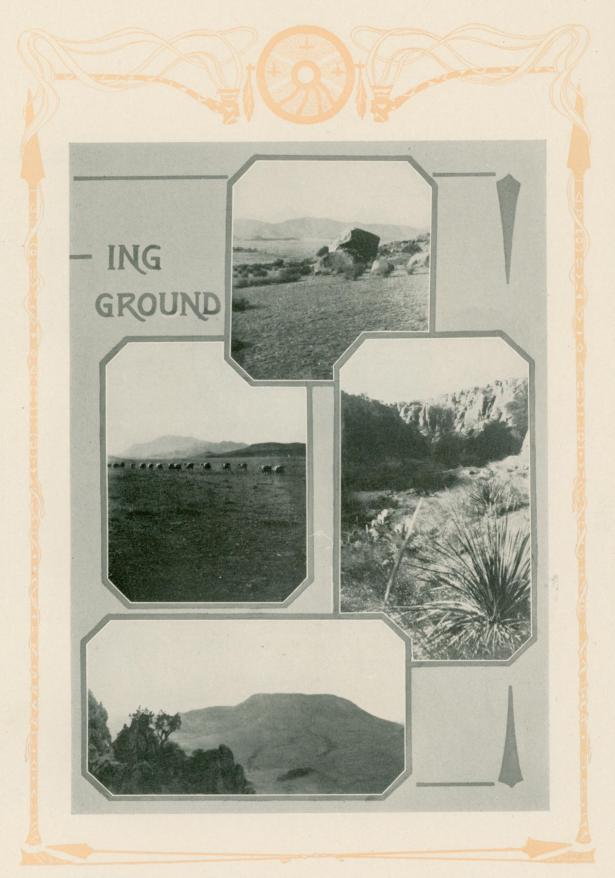






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Alma Mater, Dear Sul Ross

Tune: Amici

1

Where the rolling plains of Texas
End in mountains high,
There's a land where glorious sunsets
Flame in peerless sky.

Chorus

Ring, ye Alpine hills, with music!
Joyous songs we'll raise.
Hail to thee, O Sul Ross College,
Thee we gladly praise.

2

'Tis a land of pioneer spirit,
Free as bracing air,
Where a handclasp means a welcome,
Friendship glad to share.

3

There our Texas youths do gather,
Heeding wisdom's call,
Learn to love thee, Sul Ross College,
Love thee best of all.
—Rose Sharp Brewer.



PRINCESSES

Minger Springs

The Brand of 1928

Presents the

Sul Ross Princesses

3

Dorothy Bryson

Georgia Holland

Helen Baines

Chic Graham

Helen Joyce

Mary Louise Bennett



Dorothy Bryson



Georgia Holland



Helen Baines



Chic Graham





Helen Joyce



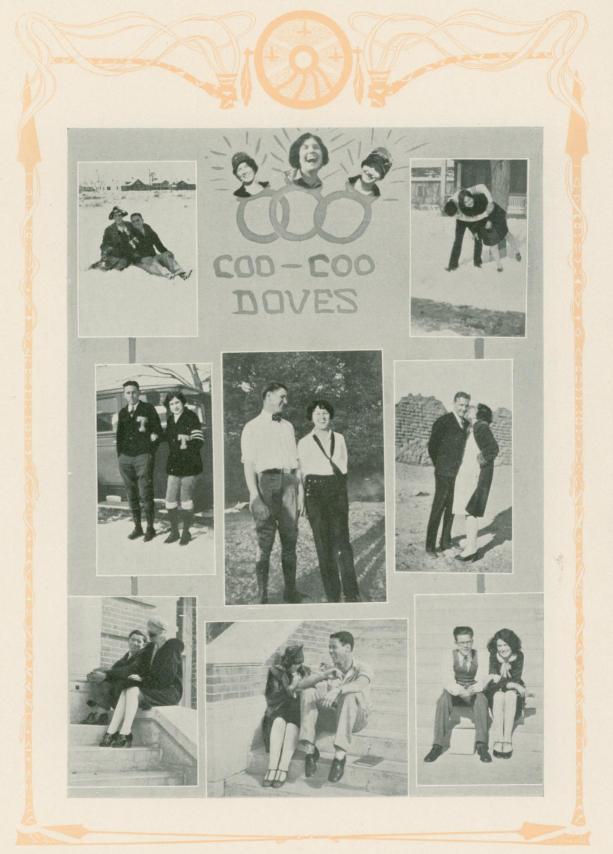


Mary Louise Bennett

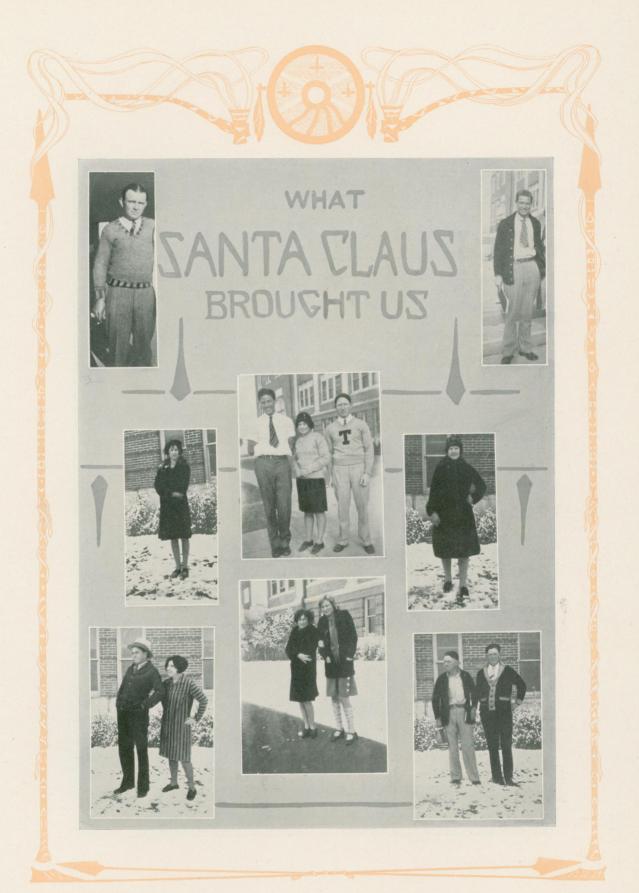


Branding Iron

To that neglected minority in Sul Ross, those who have not this year enjoyed the limelight of suspension, we dedicate this section of the Brand. While we admit a certain contempt for your lack of spirit and of enterprise, yet we can but admire the cleverness with which you have evaded detection and covered up trails. Our greatest hope for you is that in the succeeding years you may catch the esprit de corps, throw in your lot with the majority, and become a member of the Great Suspended.







THE DAILY ROUTINE OF A COLLEGE STUDENT



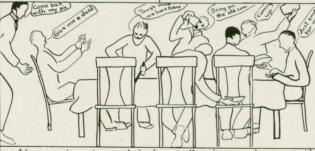
At 8:10, after silencing his alarm clock, he sleeps peacefully on.



A little later he changes his mind and decides to make a first period class.



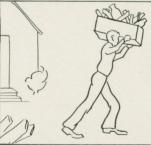
When he gets there, he settles himself comportably to enjoy the class discussion.



At noon he enters whole heartedly the regular scramble. At 3:30 he takes part in The following are the only rules of etiquette: take the biggest the college activities that are dessert you can get, drink all the milk they will bring you, fill your neithbor's tea with salt etc.

At 3:30 he takes part in the college activities that are transferred to the Kandy kitchen.





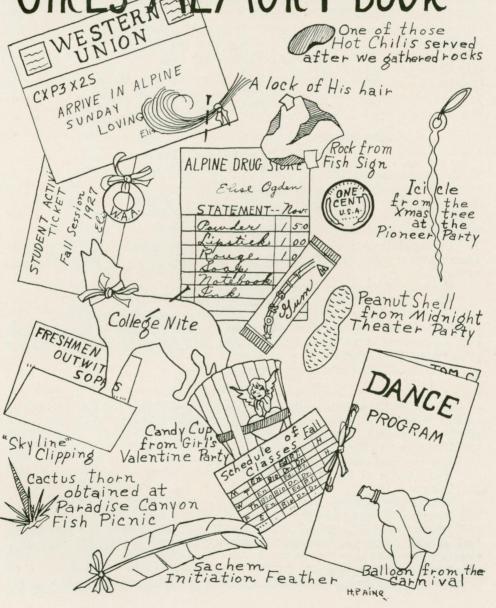


After the milkman has made his rounds and darkness begins Limits, in the great wide open to fall, he goes in search of his spaces, he finds parking space quota of milk and wood.



This is what he finds in his room when he returns from his date in the wee small hours of the morning.

PAGE FROM FRESHMAN GIRL'S MEMORY BOOK





A TRAGEDY IN FIVE INSIGHTS

(Author's Note: This little drama is being presented in answer to the query which has puzzled some of the worst minds of the generation: "How, where, with whom, when do the Master Minds spend their allotted Hours Unaccounted For when en route to Conventions?")

Time: March, 1928. Various intervals elapse between the Insights; the curtain is raised and lowered each time.

Scene: The action takes place center front, in what is obviously the interior of a modern sedan—Make, Ford; Model, 1921; Name, X.

PERSONAE:

Miss Elliott, who steers. Foreignish. Eda, her companion on the front seat.

Blondish.

Francie, another blonde. Casual. Duncan, the man. Unimportant.

INSIGHT I

(Through the car windows lie the inimitable Davis Mountains. Within, the atmosphere is cozy, friendly, picnicky. The engine may be heard humming briskly).

Francie: Ooo, lookut them mountains recede. Eda: Making twenty-five without a quiver.

Duncan (it is his time to speak): I perceive a faint odor of gasoline.

Miss Elliott (reading from Handbook, probably Lobo): "When a slight odor of gasoline is perceived from left rear seat, engine needs rest." (Turns switch key. Motor stops.)

Francie (after an interval): Where th' cakes?

INSIGHT II

(Darkness has overtaken the little group of travelers. The car is in motion again. Miss Elliott grips the wheel with ferocious intensity; other characters slump as if in sleep. Slight snoring is heard from the rear seat.)

Miss Elliott: Lights! Lights!

Eda (without opening eyes): Turn 'em out.

Miss Elliott: A town! A town!

Duncan: Huh?

Miss Elliott (peering into the darkness): Hotel ahov!

Duncan: C'mon, Francie.

(Three minutes intervene, during which time Miss Elliott and Eda adjust hats, smooth skirts, powder noses, tie ties, polish nails, and remove from automobile.)

Duncan: C'mon, Francie.

(Four minutes intervene, during which time Duncan climbs over three hat

boxes, six coats or other light wraps, two lunch boxes, three time tables, one guilt, one fruit basket, four text-books, five lap robes, and any number of road maps,)

INSIGHT III

(The next morning. The car appears to be travelling bravely along at eight or ten miles an hour. Through the windows could be seen the damp plains of Western Texas if anything could be seen through the windows at all. The rain beats merrily on the outer side of the window panes, and trickles merrily down the inner side. Miss Elliott steers with one hand and manipulates the automatic windshield-wiper with the other hand. Eda holds an umbrella over Miss Elliott's dripping hat; her other hand protrudes from the car; we do not know that it contains a lightning rod. Duncan seems to be bearing up under the misfortune of having but one overcoat, one blanket, and one over-sized tarp to hold between the ladies and the torrent. Francie is still there, as you will see when she speaks.)

Francie (after a time): Wet. Duncan (later): Fifty miles more.

Eda (as curtain closes): Twenty minutes before Convention begins.

INSIGHT IV

(Six hours later. Although the sun is shining brightly, the crowd is still very dampish. Great, towering college buildings loom in the distance).

Miss Elliott (hailing passing stranger): My good man, could you tell us

where we may find the meeting of the Master Minds?

Feeble Voice from Without: Dost see the great, gray tower which towers in you distance?

Eda: Yes. F. V. F. W.: 'Twas there.....

Francie: Yes, yes.

F. V. F. W.: 'Twas there.....

All: Yes, sir, yes.

F. V. F. W.: 'Twas there the Master Minds met.

Miss Elliott: Your grammar, sir! Not met-is meeting.

F. V. F. W.: No, Ma'am; the Master Minds adjourned yesterday.

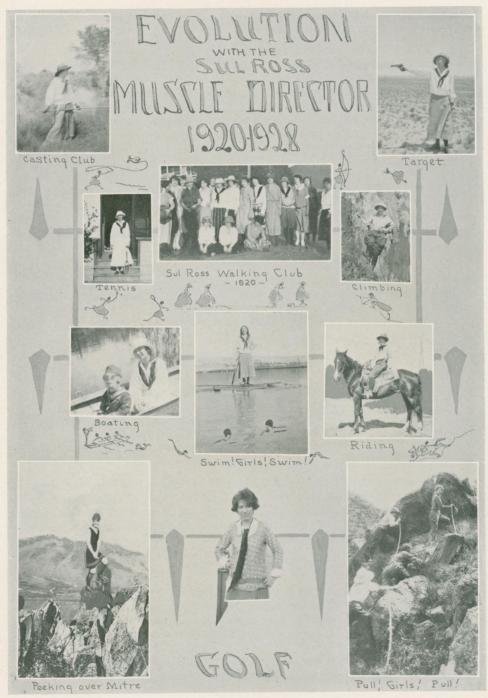
INSIGHT V

(The peerless sun of the western skies is beginning to fling its ribbons of glorious dawn o'er the drowsy world. Under its brilliance the distant mountains are shedding their night dresses of dusky blue and stretching forth in shining garments that would have tempted the Queen of Sheba. On the horizon stands the Sul Ross State Teachers' College, as if taking one last moment of intense rest before the flood of ambitious youth crosses its threshold at 8:16. Miss Elliott still holds the machine undauntedly in the highway.)

Eda: We're home!

(Francie and Duncan arouse, and solemnly drag forth a Spanish novel, an Education text, a Complete Shakespeare, and a dictionary, two of which they pass forward to Miss Elliott and Eda. The car slacks its speed; the four assume erect positions, open their books, and become engrossed in the contents. Miss Elliott, guiding the car from the corner of her eye, drives to the front of the Administration Building of the Sul Ross State Teachers' College, sounds the horn loudly three times, and absent-mindely cuts off the ignition as she turns a page of her novel.)

THE STATE OF THE S

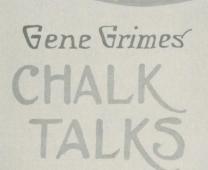


THE STATE OF THE S

PROGRAM



Bob Clark Wonder MAGICIAN





THE English Department recently made the startling discovery that not one Sul Ross freshman knew one letter of the alphabet. Alarmed at this situation, the instructors marched their classes down in single file to Mr. Ratliff, and demanded mental tests; Mr. Ratliff, his own mentality sadly depleted by this Herculean task, reported after a day and night of unbroken labor that not all the freshmen were defective. The explanation of their ignorance, then, must be sought elsewhere. It soon developed that this ignorance was due to the existing method of teaching reading. The students had been taught by the phonetic and sentence method, and had never learned the alphabet.

The English Department and the Manual Arts Department at once collaborated to correct this serious situation. In accordance with the present-day theory that education must be a painless and even pleasurable process, they devised a project that delighted the eager young hearts. They designed a set of freshman blocks for the youngest and most precocious of the faculty children, Harriet Ann Walker and Henry Easton Allen, Jr. Under Mr. Smith's direction, the students carved upon bright-colored cubes the twenty-six letters, illuminated and beautifully decorated. The class periods in English meanwhile were given over to the pleasurable task of composing rhymes deemed appropriate for infant minds.

Upon the opposite page will be found the lyrically and pictorially beautiful results which these freshmen have so happily achieved. Incidentally, every freshman, except Kesler Gilley and Bessie Chyle Leath, according to the instructors, can now identify every letter of the alphabet, with the possible exceptions of Q and Z.

SUL ROSS ALPHABET		
A for altitude we hear so much of.	7 or jokes Mr. Ratliff never told	S for serrences each one is a thriller
B for milk bottles some boys do love.	K for Kandy Kitchen where we all go	T for trip the hall took to the river
C for chapel we'd like to cut 'em.	L for Library where we study so.	U for ukes some play without harm
D for dances we sometimes "git" 'em.	M for Mitre the peak so high	don't you touch my arm
E for ease with which some obtain a boost	N for necking done best with no one nigh	w for wind in Texas don't fear
F for Fish Now how can they roost!	O for onions don't you know yours	for Xmas we'll be back next year
G for golf our scores we don't tell	P for princess the boys she allures	Y for yells we gave for our boys
for Holland our big new hotel	Q for guizzes !! ??? the ones that are "pops"	Z for "zams" His students, a prof annoys
I for inserts in getting them we tolled	R for the roommate your new tie he cops	Y. Mighell

Sul Ross Credo

HE White Queen of Looking Glass Land, who "believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast", was an amateur in an art perfected by the loyal Sul Ross student, who is called upon to believe several times six impossible things throughout his entire four years of college. To afford abundant exercise for the credulity and to promote greater loyalty to the Alma Mater, the Student Council has incorporated the most outstanding of the popular fallacies into a Sul Ross Credo, which the freshman is expected to memorize within twelve hours after his matriculation, so that he may take part in the impressive triweekly chapel ceremony when Student Body and Faculty, reverently standing, repeat in unison: I do steadfastly believe:

1

That Prexy reads twenty pages of Browning every morning before taking his bowl of porridge and that he would consider it ghastly indeed to go to bed without his customary hour of Burns and Lord Byron.

2

That the various classes are going to erect 100 or more feet of cobblestone fence to embellish the campus.

That Mr. Allen was really the "Spirit of the Marne" as he would have us believe every history hour.

That the publications' office is always spick and span as if awaiting a committee of the governor.

That Miss Aynesworth is most reticent in speaking of her trips to opera and that her leave-taking always comes as a distinct shock to her many friends.

6

That the summer school of 1928 will have no less than 1,000 students, all of whom will be under the age of seventy years.

7

That the Legislature at its next regular session will assess a gasoline tax of ten cents a gallon, enabling Sul Ross officials to build a library building, an Education Hall, two dormitories, a stable, and a cozy little smoking room for the male members of the faculty.

That history is the only subject broached in a history class.

9

That faculty meetings are held thrice weekly and that the disputes incurred therein are most scandalous.

That each football man can imbibe thirty-six quarts of the cottagers' milk nightly and feel no ill effects.

That Sul Ross really has erected upon its campus seven buildings, as the catalogue would have us know.

That students of English 402 clamor for term theme assignments at the beginning of each term and that they finish the themes within a stipulated period of three days.

13

That the delegates to the Scholarship Convention were vitally interested in scholarship.

That wealthy, unknown persons were backing each candidate for the Sul Ross popularity contest and that each of these persons would have readily paid \$450 to get his choice elected.

That the freshmen await eagerly each year the time for painting the Bar-SR-Bar sign.

That all "Skyline" copy is in the hands of the printer on the Saturday preceding the Wednesday that the paper appears.

17

That, as Mr. Cottle would have us believe, people in Nebraska wear tuxedos when they feed their hogs.

That courses in Shakespeare, French, Education, and Music Conducting will actually help one in earning his ham and eggs.

19

That Brandel stole two dozen volumes from the library and that his fine was no less than \$23.42.

That Berkeley Hall girls consider night riding as the most serious evil now threatening mankind.

That the book store is open during the second, fourth, and fifth periods on MWF and the first, second, fifth, and sixth periods on TThS, in accordance with the notice posted on the bulletin board.

29

That the Teacher Placement Bureau is most thorough in its work and that it annually secures for each Sul Ross graduate a position of superintendent or better.

That the Lobos will not lose a single game during the season of 1928.

24

That Mr. O'Connor is a man of parts and that, when he conversed with the Mayor of Chicago, he always called him by his first name.

25

That the corridors are vast, empty tombs unfrequented by students at chapel period and the noon hour.

That summer school students can swim in Ranger Canyon where the water, to the knowledge of everyone, is exactly twenty-three inches deep.

27

That Mr. Coan is an experienced fire fighter worthy of a Carnegie Medal.

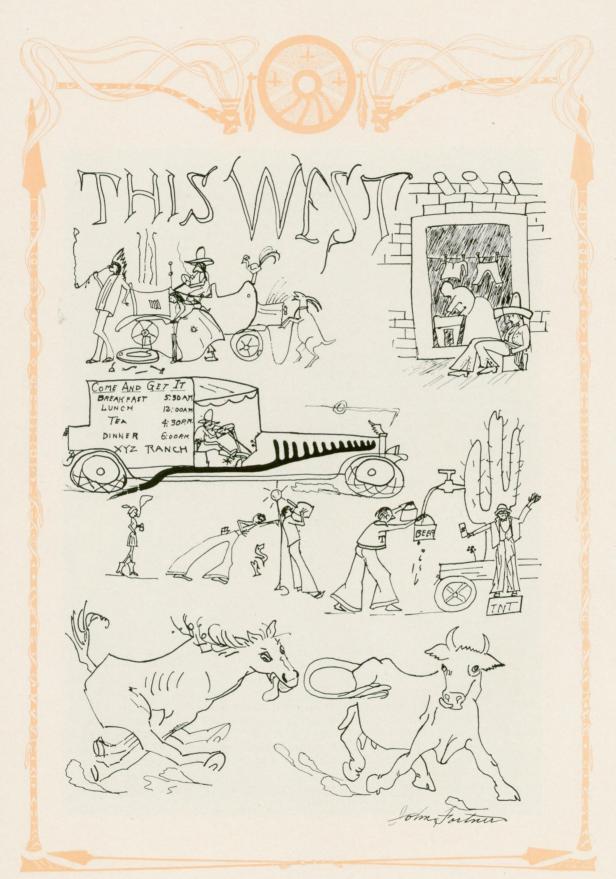
28

That the venerable old college clock is the product of Swiss experts, and that it has never varied an iota from the correct time in all of its thirty years of service.

That Sul Ross will have a new Gymnasium building by the beginning of summer school.







When They Were Very Young

A N earnest student of Sul Ross has compiled this interesting data incorporating the first prattlings of some of the distinguished and near-distinguished at the tender ages of three and a half.

Horace Morelock, poring over a volume of Lord Byron, murmured pro-

phetically and sleepily:

"Place me on Sul Ross' marbled steep, Where nothing save the altitude and I, May hear our mutual murmurs sweep."

Anne Aynesworth, in a starched pinafore, reproved her little sister: "You have omitted the concrete detail and have violated unity and coherence."

Alice Cowan inquired of the visiting pastor of the family: "Do you eat plenty of spinach?"

Lutie Britt, a demure, quiet little maid: "Nice little girls do not romp and

play, but sit quietly and sew a fine seam."

Henry Easton Allen: "Father, hear me say my Hinky, Dinky, Parley Vous." Harve Cottle, showing his playmates his treasures: "These leaves are apiculate, bipinnate, comptodrome, and brachidodrome."

Grace Bedell: "Mother, is it true I shall have only one needle to give for

my country?"

Jerry Ratliff: "Gimme some Bull Durham!"
Johnnie Coleman: "Let's play dominoes, Jerry."

Charles Absalom Gilley, dividing a box of candy with his little friends, early displayed marked arithmetical ability: "One for you, and two for me; one for you, and two for me."

Irma Lee Batey:

"One two, one two,
Doodle de do,
One two, one two,
Do it like I do,
Doodle de do, de do."

(One of the many heart warming letters that are pouring in daily):

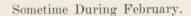
Dear presidant Morelock:

I'm an ex student of Sul Ross. I am enterested in the future wellfair of the colledge. I have told lots of kids about the wonderful oppertunitys offered at your school. Some of them are entered at Sull Ross. I tell ever one about the personal contack with faculty members at Sul Ross and how an education fited me for life, I have got a good job because I am qualifide with one. I get \$60 a month, I'm sure you are glad to hear of my success, I owe it to Miss Pendley largely. English is one of the subjects to take lots of. It is my best aide for a job. I'm glad to hear of the expansion and growing of my Almer Mather. I sure have been haveing heaps of fun. You know I was always socially turned. How is Mr. Gilley? Alright, I guess.

I must close now, I hope to send you a doughnation for the gymnasium soon.

Ans. soon. Respectively,

JACK BAGGETT



Dear Albertine:

Didchu ever go to one of these big colledge receptions or try to help out with one? After youd wrote invitations for a half day an had the writers cramp an thot you were all thru, but every day or two somebody would bob up and tell you to send an invitation to so and so and you didn't even know when you had em all done and youd put R. S. V. P. on em all and ever time you went down the hall some wise Junior or someone stopped you and wanted to know if they must answer the invitation and who to send it to—then a lot of people didn't say whether they were coming or going so you had to swallow your embarassment and go ask em what they were goin to do about it? Didchu ever invite a "special" guest to one of these shin-digs and he never did say a thing about it to you but accepted the invitation and took another girl?

Didchu have to go to a lot of trouble and work to order flowers and get em here like they were fresh from the vine and after the thing was all over the other girls took the flowers and you didn't get any? And you had to go traipsin all over the town borrowing the wedding silver and linen so's thered be a spoon and napkin for all the guests and they had to be marked red, green, blue etc.—the silver and linen—not the guests.

Didchu aim to have swell refreshments so's the guests 'ud think you were real up town and when it was 'bout time for em to come down (the guests) you went down and found the logan berry juice was already gone and the cakes had all been gobbled up by that bunch at the Dump whats always hungry and all there was left was the ice which wouldn't look very well by itself and it beehooved you to see that the guests didn't get restless while someone went and dug a grocery man out of bed and got him to town to get a box of cakes?

When the receiving line was started you found you had to introduce 150 people, 100 of whom you didn't know and had never seen before, to the head of the line and run down to the end of the line ever few minutes and punch the folks about like a heard of cows an get em scattered about so's there'd be room fer the rest? When you finally got home about 12 P. X. you couldn't go to sleep for thinkin of the piles and piles and piles of dishes what had to be washed and furniture and fixtures to be took home.

Didchu—if you didn't you aint never been to one of our Sul Ross Receptions!

Love.

GERALDINE.

Fritz Haas' History Quiz

- 1. The Thirty Year War lasted thirty years.
- 2. The battle was fought at Augsberg and settled at Westphalia.
- 3. It was caused by an Austrian falling out of a Bohemian window.
- 4. Gustavus Adolphus fought the Thirty Year War at Wallensteur.
- 5. The peace of Westphalia was hard on Germany and the Holy Roller Empire.
- 6. The war ended in thirty years with peace for everybody concerned.













He's got " it!"



Bridle Path



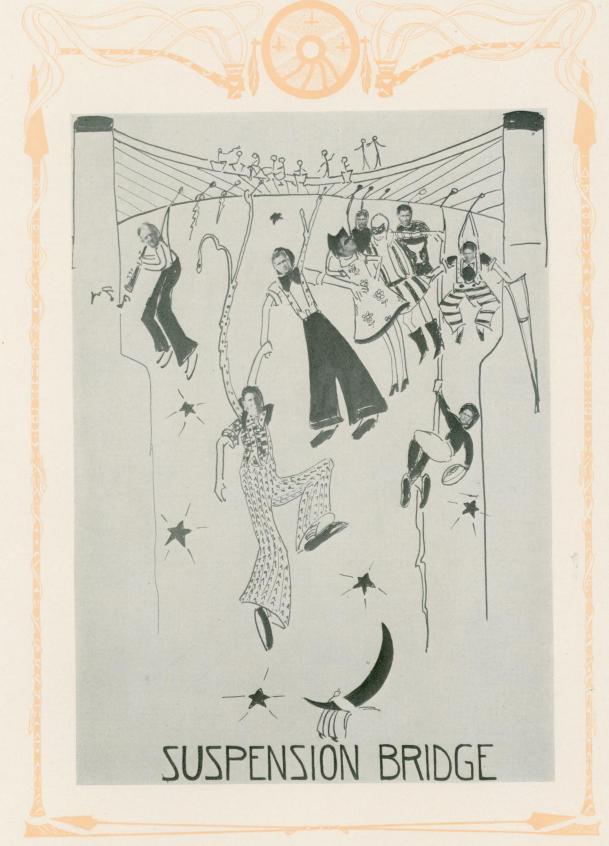
Soph's Glory







Doing's of the Dude - Dads.



HERE AND THERE IN RHYME Where O, where has my Study Hall gone Down the street with fearful noise Late one night went Gene Grimes Poor little Jonathan Head Up the hill by his girl was led O where Owhere can it be? I only stepped out a minute or two O where, O where can it be? He failed to pull his brakes When from a cottage door near by So our wall was gathered with rakes Mr. Head wished to know the crimes. F. Wilkins Elise may have Here is to the Jul Ross gool Here is to Boucher a heart of lead But Virginia imagines Good for many a knock Who swims in water cool He breaks the February ice He fixes girls drawers a man under the bed. Without the least shock And declares it very nice. Brandy lets his hair go wild, Rosina it's sad to say Ernie, meenie, minie, mo. Was misnamed in a very sad way. She should be named Rosette Clothing careless, manner mild. She hugs them and lets them go. He's not crazy; no, you fool He's the Lindy of our school The corridor is her choice resort For it rhymes with cigarette Louise is very fond of sport.



Accurate Notes on the Lectures of Several Professors in Sul Ross College

	J
	November 20
I.	Children's Literature
	1. Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes (Milton)
	2. Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote The droghte of March hath perced to the rote, etc.
	3. Don't emphasize Mee-ow, Mee-ow, too much.
	4. Remember in "Merchant of Venice":—Tell me where is fancy bred,
	Or in the heart, or in the head. Next Lesson: Study "Mary had a Little Lamb," and "Owl and Pussy
	Cat."
	November 20
	Psychology
	 The way to tell if the baby's bath is too cold or too hot is— The way to tell whether baby chickens are roosters or hens is—to throw
	out some feed. If he pecks, it is a rooster; if she pecks, it is a hen—
	3. A man found a pair of gaiters in an alley. He told a friend that they were alligators. The friend, repeating the story, explained that the
	gaiters were crocodiles. You may not catch the joke now, but you will.
	Next Lesson, Chapter Ten.
I.	Political and Social History of Europe
	2. Wall Street is a terrible disappointment.
	3. You can get more for a nickel on Coney Island than any other place in the world.
	4. I stayed in a German town six months, and my only female acquaintance
	was the bar maid—
	5. The Baptist Church is far superior to any other church.
I.	History of American Frontier Jacksonian Democracy
1.	1. Weddings are not democratic
	2. The place of importance—
	a. Mother-in-law b. Bride
	c. Preacher
	d. Guests
	e. Groom 3. A wedding is like an automobile. The mother-in-law is the engine. The
	Bride is the body, and the Groom is the pin in the rear axle, for the wed-
	ding wouldn't go without the Groom.

ding wouldn't go without the Groom.
4. A man does not marry his wife's kinfolk—

Next Lesson—Next Chapter.

Bedtime Stories and Fables

Mr. Allen to his history classes: Now children, tomorrow I shall expect you all to know your lessons. I shall ask each and everyone of you a question. And I shall mark your daily grades accordingly.

Miss Cowan: Once upon a time we had a dance, and every little girl and every little boy came and spoke to the chaperones, and danced so nicely and so prettily, and everyone said adieu at eleven o'clock and like good children went so straight home that we had another dance the next night.

Miss Britt: Someday I shall ask my sociology class a question that they will understand thoroughly and answer correctly.

Miss Elliott: Once upon a time I had six boys, all at once, in my French class.

The Brand Staff: Someday the annual will be issued without a single joke upon Mr. Allen and without any mention of Mr. Ratliff's smoking or joking.

Allene Revell, Iona Caskey, and Edna Earl Garrett: One Saturday night we were without dates and were obliged to study for diversion.

Blanche Cotter: Once upon a time I made an A+ in Spanish.

Mr. Morelock: One day I addressed chapel and did not refer to Byron, Shelley, or Browning, nor did I use the word program.

ENCYCLOPEDIA SULROSSONIA, a compendium of practical and classical knowledge compiled on our own campus, will be ready for distribution soon. The following specimen pages will give some conception of the erudite subjects discussed and of the very modern and original definitions and the definers:

Pugnacious—a "pug" or retrousse nose—Lutie Britt.

Reduce down—the lowest possible reduction—Henry Easton Allen.

Ancient and old Middle Ages—Miss Cowan.

A Grub Street hack—chuck wagon—Eda Weyerts.

Vesuvius—A Greek God—Willena May, a Mista Mind of the Sociological Scholarslip Club.

Jehovah—A Roman God—Bee Davis—authority on Biblical lore.

Ancient Rome did not fall; it merely declined—Mrs. Hazel Vernon Tyler.

Two Twins—Meaning more than one twin—Salutie Brittle.

I waved, and she wove back—Yula Mighell.

Venison—a choice cut of the deer—Clotelle Humphrey.

A Lady of high rank—in fact the rankest lady of all—H. E. Allen.

Coriolanus—petals of flowers taken collectively—Louis Loeffler.

Sabotage—wearing wooden shoes—Head of History Department.

Mary Magdalen—an opera singer—Edna Mae Scott.

AMPLE FREE



Trip to New York



Traveling Coach



Groceries Delivered



TELL! YOU Never can













Jimmie's Honey for hands.

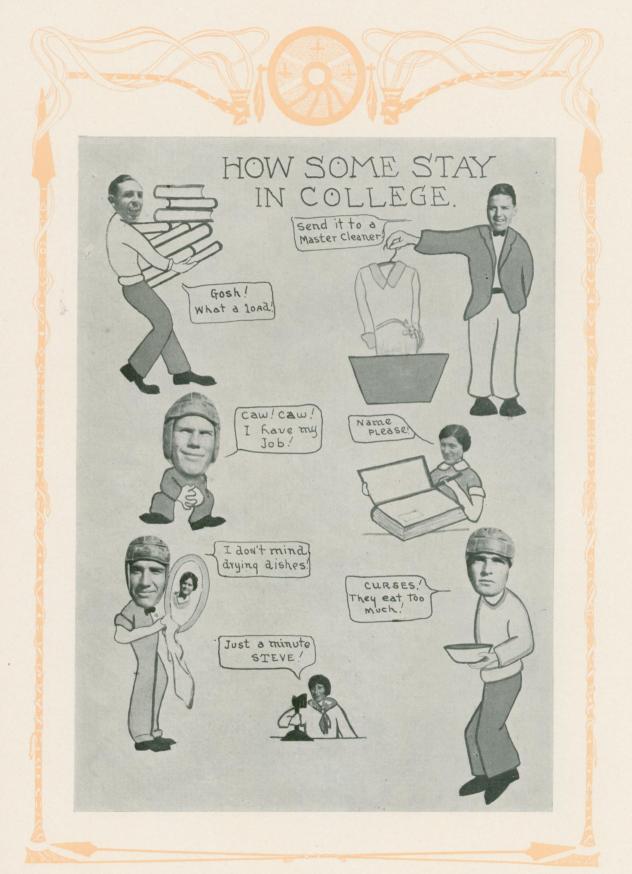
A Sample Paper from the Pioneer Experience Test Given by the Bar-SR-Bar Pioneer Club

(The candidate was considered eligible for membership.)

- Q. A cow is milked from which side?
 A. From the outside.
- 2. Q. A cow kicks with which foot? A. Her little foot.
- 3. Q. What is a muzzle loader?
 A. One who fills his mouth full.
- 4. Q. Define tapadores.
 - A. Tramps that knock at back doors.
- Q. Define frijoles.A. The word is Spanish for English peas.
- 6. Q. Define morral.
 - A. Oh pshaw! and other pioneer expressions of rage.
- 7. Q. Define hackamore. A. The plural of hack
 - The plural of hack; a vehicle for family use.
- 8. Q. The nuts on the front axle of a wagon screw backward or forward? A. Backward.
- 9. Q. A buckboard is what? A. The windshield of a buggy.
- Q. A lariat is what?
 A. A technical name for hoof and mouth disease.
- 11. Q. Maguey is what?
- A. A girl's name.

 12. Q. A cow gets up on which legs first?
 A. Cow legs.
- 13. Q. A horse gets up on which legs first?
 - A. Horse legs.
- Q. A cow's horns are on which side of her ears?
 A. The other side.
- 15. Q. A breast yoke is what?A. The pulley bone of a chicken.
- 16. Q. A yoke is used for what? A. For making mayonnaise.
- 17. Q. You get on a horse on which side?
 A. The top side.
- 18. Q. Define stirrup.A. A cup mentioned in English literature.
- Q. You get off a horse on which side?
 A. The ground side.
- 20. Q. The cantle of a saddle is where? A. Where you (a) light.

- Q. Define the swell of a saddle.
 A. That's what you get after you ride a long way.
- 22. Q. What is a remuda?
 - A. The horn of a saddle.
- Q. What is a benada?A. A large handkerchief worn around the neck.
- 24. Q. A pack tree is what? A. A tree you pack.
- 25. Q. In what way is a ten-pound lard bucket similar to a side saddle? A. It holds a gal-on.







VOLUMINOUS

"In Where the East Ain't"

Numerous

Sul Ross to Have New Auditorium Unique in Form

Professor Victor Curator Smith has designed a tetrahexahedronical auditorium and assembly room for Sul Ross. The design has already been submitted for contractors' bids. The building will meet and fill a long felt want. A tetrahexahedronical room, being twentyfour sided, will, we hope, possess twentyfour corners. With twenty-four corners at the disposal of the numerous groups requested to "meet for just a minute after chapel in that corner", the now existing evil of riots and melees induced by the efforts of thirteen groups to possess four corners will be eliminated. We have too often deplored the undignified antics of both faculty and student body playing at "Pussy Wants a Corner", after such serious and dignified chapel programs as those rendered by the Seniors and Sophomores. Mr. Smith presented his plan at the last faculty meeting, and it was unanimously accepted. A motion that the building be erected at once and paid for by the faculty passed unanimously. This strong feeling upon the part of the faculty is due to the disgraceful scene of a few days ago. The Seniors, Freshmen, Pioneer Club, Sub-College, Sachems, Mask and Slipper, Pep Squad, Brand Staff, Band, Guild, Glee Club, Master Minds, Alley Rats, and Faculty had simultaneously called corner sessions. The Seniors, the Faculty, and several other groups had chosen the same corner. After the dust had cleared away, Miss Allen was sporting a cut lip, while Mr. Coleman had a dangling ear and a lock of some one's hair (reported to have belonged to Kathryne Minnick before the

PULCHRITUDE POWWOW PRECIPITATES POLLUTED POLITICS
PROBE

Beauty Election Bribes Create Campus Scandal and Cause Crash in Big Bend Finances

That the Sul Ross favorites were elected by fraudulent machinations of unseen persons of wealth and that the scandalous plots, as yet only half disclosed, are daily assuming more sinister proportions, was the report issued by administrative heads of Sul Ross faculty recently and supported by statements of leading college and business executives.

Election Corrupt, Keefer Admits

In his avid search for the truth, and the whole truth, the DIRTLINE reporter came upon Miss Keefer seated in her studio. The Art head was staring into space, her hair disheveled, her face expressive of great mental suffering and worry. "Indeed they were," the Lady in the Smock cried incoherently. "A terrible happening—more corrupt and farreaching in scope than the Tea Pot Dome scandal. School elections are open to bribery," Etcher Keefer admitted, "but this—this one," she blubbered, "was worse than the most pessimistic of college officials could have imagined." The DIRTLINE reporter, hardened though he may be by the sordidness of daily college happenings, felt a lump gathering in his throat as he groped for his hat.

(Continued on Page 182)

PULCHRITUDE POWWOW PRECIPI-TATES POLLUTED POLITICS PROBE

(Continued from Page 181)

Bank Official Testifies

But truth must be had whatever the cost. So the president of the Last National Bank was interviewed. "The financial condition of the Bank is extremely precarious", the president stated confidentially. "Our vast deposits are almost deplenished. The door of our vaults lies ajar, for there are but little funds to be protected now. Concurrently with the college elections," the bank official continued, "young business men came in numbers, drawing out all their deposits and borrowing every cent that would be extended them. I fear a financial crisis. The Federal Reserve System did not foresee such things as college elections, and the entire organization may be shattered."

"Brand" Editor Optimistic

The editor of the Brand was not concerned about the financial crisis that has engulfed the Big Bend district. "Our main difficulty," McGonagill said, "is one of finding storage. Sealed envelopes daily carry thousands of dollars to the printer and engraver, but the surplus must be handled carefully." It is understood that the janitor has erected a tent for his family, pending the removal of the greenbacks that fill his dwelling to overflowing.

"Brand" to Have Improvements

The faculty adviser for the Brand seems to uphold the editor in his optimistic beliefs. "This year's election was the best ever," cooed Miss Aynesworth, clapping her hands with glee. "Many Brand improvements have been made possible. Genuine imported Australian kangaroo leather is being used for the covers. The borders are attractively

done in thirteen colors. The faculty pictures are all less than ten years old—they are positively works of art. But you should see the division markers," shouted Miss Aynesworth, her voice breaking into an ecstatic squeal. "Yula's drawings have been so artfully retinted that you could scarcely recognize them."

Surplus to be Expended for Recreation

Miss Avnesworth, while admitting its truth, dismissed as irrelevant the statement of the authorities that the financial condition of the Big Bend is critical; that the price of cattle has dropped 101%, ranches are being mortgaged, and bankers are striving in vain to meet their obligations. To her the pertinent point was that the few - and for once the worthy few-are waxing fat. Alex plans a tour of the Panhandle-his lifelong ambition. "Oh, when I only get to Amarillo and those other cities!" he said. Miss Avnesworth has resigned her position in Sul Ross and may be seen every afternoon placidly pouring tea for the famished students, who, having spent their all on the losing candidates in the Beauty Contest, gather in the Girls' Rest Room daily for cheer and food.

SMOKEHOUSES FOR SMOKESSES

Much interest is being aroused by a petition setting forth the urgency of creating upon the campus several cozy smokehouses to accommodate fair smokesses who are now forced to retire to parked sedans, broughams, and other closed cars for the necessary between classes smoke. These smokehouses are to be financed by popular subscription. Names appended to subscription list to date, together with sums pledged, are:

Dotty Mole \$ 17.00
Kirtle Bryce 100.00
Constant Cushion 1.00
Bonny Allen 50.00
Elspeth Ranks 10.00
Dosina Dicks 25.00
Ufina Tryer 7.00
Fina Bones 19.00
Helluva Choice 30.00

ALPINE'S WIDELY FAMED ALTI-TUDE STEADILY BLOWING AWAY

The continued gales of West Texas are slowly but positively whirling away the fertile soil upon which the college rests, and unless there is a lull in the terrific winds within the next sixty or ninety days Sul Ross will be the only school in Texas with an altitude of from one to three hundred feet below sea level, Professor V. J. Smith, prominent Sul Ross archeologist, surveyor, geologist, and mineralogist, disclosed late yesterday in a statement issued from the confines of his office.

Professor Smith's shop has been temporarily converted into an experimental laboratory in the interest of this mighty issue. As the DIRTLINE went to press, Professor Smith, with his able corps of plumbers and pipefitters taking work in his department, was working relentlessly in an attempt to chart graphically the disappearance of Alpine's famous altitude. The professor's plumb line disclosed the awful fact that the very hills and the valleys between are being snuffed away into thin air at the rate of twentynine feet each day. Even now the altimeter registers an altitude of only two thousand feet above sea level-a sickening decrease from the original 8204½ feet (from the top of Twin Sisters). Throughout the small hours of the night the investigators have worked, only to reach one conclusion: the altitude is vanishing, and immediate constructive steps must be taken to counteract the western winds.

In an appeal to the citizenry of the Big Bend, Professor Smith pleaded in behalf of the historic Alpine climate that is now rapidly being lost with the lowering of the altitude. "The people must open their funds to this project," Professor Smith declared. "A breakwind is not only imperative; it is absolutely essential for the welfare of the Alps of Texas, Where It's Spring the Year 'Round."

And in support of the program that has been so nobly conceived, the West Texans are contributing lavishly. They know that one supreme deed must be consummated. The roof of the gym must be raised, thus directing the winds in other

channels and preserving our altitude for posterity.

FACULTY MEMBER ATTACKS COLLEGE BUS

Suppressed Desires Brought to Light Through Criminal Action

Friends of Mr. H. E. Allen, Sul Ross faculty member, were very much shocked Thursday afternoon when they witnessed his furious attack on the college bus, which stood in front of Berkeley Hall awaiting the Junior picknickers. Mr. Allen, with hatred gleaming in his eyes and his gritted teeth, came down College Avenue at full speed in his Ford roadster, and deliberately ran into the bus. The smaller car was unhurt, but the bus was badly damaged, the back step being knocked off and internal injuries being sustained. No apparent cause was assigned for the attack, since the bus was standing still and well out of the road.

The case is especially peculiar because Mr. Allen himself does not know why he committed the gross crime, and awaits his trial in anguish. Alienists have been working on the case, however, and have made startling discoveries. According to the psycho-analysts, Mr. Allen, while not exactly insane, is suffering from a very complex mental attitude. The affair, it seems, dates back to the year 1925 when Mr. Allen was sponsor of the Sophomore Class and Miss Aynesworth sponsored the Freshmen. That the rival sponsors were deadly enemies is illustrated by a picture in The Brand of that year, showing the two in combat over their classes at a moment when they were caught off their guard. Mr. Allen, it is evident, has kept his secret hatred hidden for three years, even being unconscious of it himself. Nevertheless, these suppressed desires were bound to come to the top at some time, and Mr. Allen manifested them when he attacked the bus. Miss Aynesworth, the Junior sponsor, who was sitting in the rear of the bus, narrowly escaped death.

Mr. Allen's friends are deeply grieved, but they have rallied to his support. His \$20,000 bond was over-subscribed in a few minutes after it was fixed. One element of beauty in the whole grim affair is the magnanimity of Miss Aynesworth, who pawned her brief case in order to contribute five dollars to the bond fund.

ALARMED AT PROBABLE DISCLO-SURES FACULTY CRACK POCKETBOOKS

Few members of the faculty met classes on Friday, January 13. An air of tenseness pervaded the entire building. Students conversed in excited and curious groups in the corridors. Miss Flora Daugherty, faithful and efficient auditor, who had never been known to misplace a hot check given by a student, had lost the faculty minutes. She had posted a notice to that effect on the bulletin board. The first faculty member to espy the notice was Miss Britt. She stood on tiptoe, read it, thought a second, and rushed madly into Miss Daugherty's office. "Fauna, Fauna, suppose those minutes are found," she gasped. Miss Daugherty spoke shortly, "Well, it's to be hoped they are found."

"But yes—but—well don't you remember the minutes would have—" Miss Britt stopped. The two then whispered violently. Miss Britt said vehemently, "Well I don't want anybody reading those minutes anyway." She rushed back to the bulletin board, crowded Mr. Ratliff aside, and wrote upon the notice, "A reward given if returned unopened." Mr. Ratliff then read the bulletin and its postscript, and muttered, "I'll add to that reward." He added the word "substantial" to Miss Britt's note.

Mr. Allen, rushing to his classes, in his usual sauntering style, paused, read, cogitated, took out his pen, and made his amendment. The bulletin now read, "A very and most substantial reward offered for the return of these minutes intact, unopened, and unread."

Mr. Allen went on, returning a bit later with Messrs. Coleman and Gilley in tow. Mr. Gilley read the sign, called Miss Batey and Miss Elliott. They all read it. Miss Elliott sent for Miss Cowan. They all read it again. Mr. Cottle, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Penrod were summoned. Miss Linn brought forth the culprit. "How in the world did you lose those minutes?" was the faculty chorus, sung in unison without the necessity of Miss Batey's conducting. "What shall we do?" They all read the notice again. "I move we take up a subscription," was Mr. Gilley's remarkable idea. Mr. Penrod left. One after another subscribed to the reward fund. Miss Cowan determinedly re-amended the bulletin. "Twenty-five dollars reward for return of the faculty minutes, intact, unopened, and unread."

Mr. Morelock came down the hall; the unofficial faculty meeting hastily dispersed. He paused before the board. He put on his glasses. He took off his glasses. He wiped his glasses. He put on his glasses. He took out his fountain pen and wrote "thirty-five dollars" over the faculty "twenty-five."

Twenty minutes later Miss Aynesworth, with her ever-present and everbulging brief case, strolled down the hall, without reading the bulletin board, and into Miss Daugherty's office. "Here's something in your hand-writing," she said. "You gave it to me with the catalogue proof." And she wondered why Miss Daugherty fainted. Miss Linn made it to the bulletin board in bouble quick time and removed the notice with its amendments and rewards.

Miss Aynesworth later put in her claim for the reward, engaged legal counsel, and had all but won her case when Miss Linn saved the faculty by remembering that in the excitement Miss Daugherty had posted the notice without an O. K.

Students later subscribed fifty dollars which was offered, quietly, as a reward for any information as to the contents of those faculty minutes.

No public announcement was ever made as to whether the reward was claimed. It has been observed, however, that Miss Aynesworth made a trip to San Antonio, soon after the episode of the minutes, to hear grand opera, and returned wearing two new hats.

Entered as low-class matter at the post-office at Anywhere.

A Try-daily Publication by the Literary Guilt of Sul Ross.

Subscription Price

		year										
For	the	vacation									10.00	

True to tendencies in young, growing institutions, Sul Ross, in its emphasis upon physical needs, as for example, the new gymnasium, the tetrahexahedronical auditorium, and the campus smokehouses, has overlooked many of the spiritual and romantic needs of youth, particularly of its young women.

A short time after we had, in these columns, glanced at this situation, it was learned that Miss Aynesworth, whose match-making proclivities were not unknown to her most intimate friends, had already taken steps directed toward the partial correction of the situation. survey made of the instruction of the Freshman Class revealed that the intellectual guardianship of the tender young freshettes was almost entirely in the hands of married male professors While we concur in the feeling that no criticism should be launched at these middle-aged, prosaic, kind-hearted Benedicts, yet one alive to the needs of modern youth cannot overlook the benefit to be derived from having on the faculty additional, attractive, young unmarried men, imbued with verve and possessed of that elusive quality known as IT.

Filling the position of Associate Professor of English offered an opportunity. Miss Aynesworth wired all bureaus east and west of the Rockies to send applications and photographs of young, handsome, unmarried associate professors of English. From the entire collection received, one by one was discarded until that of a certain John W. O'Connor, Arizona, was opened. One glance was sufficient to prove that here was one who simply exuded IT. Miss Aynesworth wired immediately, "Come at once, or before."

A few days later, the Head of the English Department, determined to give happiness lavishly and with both hands, escorted a bevy of young Sul Ross beauties to the 4:30 S. P. A tall blonde young fellow, the very embodiment of IT, stepped from the first Pullman and slipped the porter a five-dollar tip. Graciously he swept his hat from his head, bowed, acknowledged the hearty welcome. Then turning suddenly to a dainty creature shyly following, he presented her to the crowd with an elaborate gesture, his voice ringing with pride: "My wife, Mrs. O'Connor."

Miss Aynesworth swooned in the arms of Miss Cowan, and was heard to mutter as she was carried off, "Home quickly, Alice, and a cup of tea."

The editors of the DIRTLINE do not intend to permit the failure of this first attempt to rectify an almost intolerable condition to discourage them. They will continue their fight in the interest of the young women students of Sul Ross. We make the suggestion that Sul Ross, in the future, send out its own application forms, appending the following pledge:

I affirm that I am unmarried and unattached, and pledge myself to remain so until I have at least given unbiased consideration to the fairest in your region.

Signed:

The DIRTLINE wishes to commend the Chemistry and Physics Departments for some practical experiments recently performed in their laboratories in the interest of a large group of students. The Sul Ross boys, with their six dates a week, are beginning to feel the financial strain of furnishing cigarettes for two. The departments mentioned above have worked out formulas for two types of cigarettes, one a very mild brand for the girls whose smoking bills are nominal, and another for the wilder lasses who do not consider expense. Cigarettes of the first type are made up of cubeb, cedar bark of the very best quality, and catnip,

(Continued on Page 186)

and are gold-tipped. The other cigarettes, a concoction of rubber parings, ipecac, asafoetida, garlic stalks, sulphur, and gunpowder, are being gaudily wrapped and especially monogrammed.

It is believed that these smokes will greatly reduce the bills of every masculine date, and it is not improbable that they may even have some effect on the smoking habit of the smokesses.

The DIRTLINE believes that every department in the college should function in the everyday lives of its students, and earnestly hopes that other departments will follow this very fine example of the science departments.

BROTHERHOOD OF HORNED TOADS PROTEST INCARCERATION IN GYM CORNERSTONE

We, the Brotherhood of Horned Toads of these environs, alarmed by a most inhumane practice that has recently come to light, said practice being sufficient to mar, or even blast, the career of any industrious, unsuspecting, red-ant-devouring member of our society, view with consternation the breaking of ground for the new gymnasium, south of the Sul Ross College, and the imminent laying of a cornerstone; and in great affliction of spirit we do hereby raise our voices in protest anent the aforementioned practice and hereby set forth that:

Whereas, in Eastland, Texas, a brother toad has for some thirty-two ghastly years been confined alive within solid brick and mortar; and whereas, said brother has only during these past few months been liberated; and whereas, since that time our friend and brother toad has appeared upon the front pages of every newspaper, journal, and tabloid in the country; and whereas, Sul Ross might be led to emulate Eastland in the achieving of ever-coveted publicity, thus depriving one or more of our brotherhood of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and

Whereas, by the purpose of the building, it is reasonable to suppose that

aforementioned cornerstone will be laid under circumstances the most formal and ceremonious, with no lack of present practice or ancient custom that would symbolize the glory of physical strength, the hardihood of spirit, the endurance of vitality even under conditions the most difficult, the most stony; and

Whereas, we believe it is neither vainly conceived nor chimerical on our part to foresee the master of ceremonies on this occasion prophesying that a Sul Ross toad, imbued with that never-say-die spirit of that college out where the west is, will never yield to any toad, east or west of the Pecos, the palm for sittin' pretty:

Therefore, be it resolved that while we individually and collectively reassert and reaffirm our loyalty to rock, cactus, ligustrum, climate, and altitude, as well as to every wild, wild wind of the great open spaces of West Texas, it shall furthermore be writ down and proclaimed that should one of us be confined within that cornerstone, he would with premeditation and malice of forethought immediately curl up and die, wither and corrode and turn to dust, horns, teeth, and tail; and would thereby cause the posterity of Sul Ross chagrin, anguish, and bitterness of spirit upon that great day, thirtythree years hence, when the stone would be unsealed to prove to a breathless world that a Westland toad could outlive and outlast an Eastland toad by one year, twelve hours, sixteen minutes, and two seconds.

Signed:

Executive Council of Horned Toads

(Editor's Comment: It is probable that the above mentioned will be granted, inasmuch as it seems impractical to tear down after only thirty-three years of service a building which we have been almost thirty years in acquiring—and for which we shall not by that time have finished paying. So unless the H. E. and Manual Arts Departments, now at work on the project, devise a corner stone with an unbreakable glass door through which, from time to time, the condition of the toad may be ascertained, the dignified and yet heart-gripping petition of the Brotherhood will meet with favorable consideration, and the West Texas horned toad will remain uncorner-stoned.)

YOUR MENTAL DAILY DOZEN

The DIRTLINE, covetous of the place it holds in the forefront of newspapers that give their readers complete and authentic news, as well as satisfying and edifying entertainment, this week inaugurates a new form of indoor enjoyment.

Having, perhaps, in previous issues, satiated our readers' love of word juggling with the Cross Word Puzzle, and later surfeited the fatuous enjoyment to be derived from "Ask-Me-Another", we now present something much more subtle, more perspicacious, as it were.

This little game is entitled "Get Your Girl". The first two blanks have been filled to indicate the manner of procedure. Sixteen blanks remain to be filled. Rate your intelligence.

For 16 correct answers, feebleminded; For 8 correct answers, moron;

For 0-8 correct answers, imbecile. The girls from the dormitory started on a hike. Although Hazel had observed that the sky was ... Black ..., and Mildred said it was showering on all Sides, Annie Clyde decided to along. When they were well out of town, the storm overtook them. Onis and a few of the girls fled to a, while Edrie and others took refuge near an old -wall. Allene said she alwaysin a storm; so she remained in the road. Presently Edna Earl screamed that she saw a deserted house, and they all climbed to its... Mary Louise became frightened when the wind so hard, but Virginia consoled her with the thought that it would be at least a...... When Claire dumfounded the group by saying that the house belonged to old man.....son, Jewel said, "We had better go over and see him to and thank him for the use of the house." But skeptical Mary said that it was raining so hard that by then they would need a _____right. Belle, the _____, said, "I'm not going because he doesn't know I'm here." But Grace checked her speech by yelling, "He does, too, because he..... The rain was practically over, and they started to leave. Irene, however, added to general alarm when she refused to

budge, saying, "Right here I'm gonna

.....till this rain's over. I'm not goin' now!" But Martha, taking her by the arm, firmly said, "You....," and they resumed their march.

LOBOS SUGGEST INNOVATIONS IN FOOTBALL AWARDS

Following the custom of older and richer institutions, Sul Ross awards sweaters to its athletes. Some of our best football players have amassed as many as four of these awards. In past years they have been valued, among other reasons, for their possibilities as love tokens.

But recently distributors of these coveted awards have promulgated a ruling by which a football hero is not allowed to permit a mere girl, or woman, to wear his sweater. Consternation, if not indignation, has since reigned in the camp. An unworn sweater would attract moths and be eaten piecemeal. What to do was the question. What boy could wear four sweaters, even on a frosty morning in an Alpine rooming house? An indignation meeting was called, with Buddy Withers, chairman; Ray McNeil, chief objector; Jim Crow, parliamentarian. After a stormy secret session in the gym, the following petition was presented to the Athletic Council:

Notwithstanding since us football boys of Sul Ross, champions of the unorganized Southwest Conference, have been derived the privaledge of useing our sweaters as our manly emotions dictate, we aint gonna have no more sweaters.

Instead whereof, you can give us sheets, blankets, comforts, quilts, pillow-cases, or bedspreads, but we aint gonna have no more sweaters.

Instead moreever, you can give us rocking chairs, lawn mowers, vaccum cleaners, electric irons, and washing machines, but we aint gonna have no more sweeters.

Cause which being looking toward the time when we aim to get us a nice girl and settle down, we had rather have a nice collection of handy articles to present our bride as a chest of moth holes and bug-dust.

Signed: SULL ROSS LOBOZ SULL ROSS KYOTS

What action was taken by the Athletic Council on this petition has not been reported to date.

Louis Loeffler told us the other day: "You know when I blow the horn on my car for someone to get out of the way, half the freshman and sub-college girls run out to the curb for a ride up the hill."

"What do you do then?" I asked.

"Aw, I let them walk," said the gallant Louis.

Miss Aynesworth to freshman English class: "How many of you have finished your parallel reading? What, not one? Miss Hale, what are you reading?"

Miss Hale: "Far from the Maddening Crowd."

Miss Aynesworth turns her face sadly to window, and quotes in tremulous tones her favorite poem upon such occasions:

"There isn't a train I wouldn't take, no matter where it's going."

John Fortner went home over the weekend, that he might have the "flu". His comely nurse reports that the photographic chest protectors that John has worn all year served as a preventive measure, and saved the patient from bronchial pneumonia and possible demise.

Alex McGonagill's recent peculiar illness which for a long time baffled physicians has been diagnosed as a form of roseola measelorium, which resulted from his taking Not-a-Kink, guaranteed to uncurl the hair.

Seven Sul Ross boys charged with theft of milk and chickens plead insanity; names withheld by request.

Sul Ross has been pronounced the largest Co-ed School west of the Mississippi.

As the DIRTLINE goes to press P. M. Penrod, noted educator, announces his candidacy for governor. Platform will appear later.

B. C. Graves disrupts popular theory that gentlemen prefer blondes.

Elizabeth Banks: "Why does Miss Aynesworth call you Cassio?"

Gene: "Because 'I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking'."

WITHOUT THE BOOKS

EDITED BY OSA DODSON

PANORAMA by Jack O'Connor, a novel of the great West, Winner in Sharper's 1927 price contest.

VERSE AND WORSE: AN ANTHOLOGY OF SUL ROSS POEMS AND PICTOGRAPHS. Collected and edited by Squatty Carroll. 500 pp. \$9.98. Privately Printed. Limited to First Editions and Numbered and Autographed Copies.

Among the contributors to this little volume are such well-known poets as Eva Chaffin, Lee Bardin, Anne Aynesworth, Rubye Nunn, Hazel Vernon Tyler, Isabel Yates, and Hannah Weinkauf, and such artists as Betty Keefer, Lois Nevill, Yula Mighell, Gene Grimes, John Fortner, Helen Paine, Merle Haynes, Helen Baines, and Frances Wilkins. Some of the poems are illustrated; some have explanatory prefaces which render their meaning so clear that no illustrations are necessary. Some of the pictographs, too, require no poem as a motivation, but are little lyrics within themselves. Too much cannot be said of the quality of both verse and drawings, though the poems are of unequal merit. The range of subjects is wide—and weird. The poems include every thing from the limerick to the lyric; even the quaint old pun is not disdained. There is a singing quality throughout the verse, and there is in every poem a rare combination of simplicity and elusive subtlety. Influences of Millay, Masters, Frost, and Guest may be detected, yet the poems are startlingly original and indigenous to the soil of the campus. They are cameo-like in their delicacy and finish. They have exquisite daintiness, which however, never approaches the effeminate, and a note of strong masculine virility.

But no review can do justice to the piquant flavor of this little volume. The following lyrics and pictographs chosen at random from its pages best suggest the variety and charm of this beautiful volume.

"You are old, Father Morelock,"
The young man said;
"Will you pray tell me why
You stand on your head?"

"I am old," Father Morelock
To the young man said,
"And I'll sure tell you why
I stand on my head.

"In the year 'twenty-seven, On the campus 'twas said, We'd have a gymnasium Ere the old year was dead.

"'Tis the year '99,
And the old year's quite dead,
Yet we have no gymnasium,
So I stand on my head."

(Continued on Page 189)



WITHOUT THE BOOKS

(Continued from Page 188)

I saw Miss Aynesworth walking;
I drove by and let her walk.
I heard Mr. Allen talking,
And you bet I let him talk.
I saw Mr. Ratliff smoking;
I went on and let him smoke.
I also heard him joking,
And ye gods, how I laughed at his joke.
All this may sound like fooling
But it worked—I'm here to say!
It's an important part of schooling—
I got me an A and an A!

John Fortner craved the job of photographer for the BRAND. Why, no one knew! It has always been deemed a thankless and peculiarly difficult task. John got it. Gene tells us why John wanted it.

Forty-nine pictures a'hangin' on the wall, Forty-nine photos of Sul Ross girlies all, Forty-nine beauties a'hangin' on the wall, Forty-nine photos, beauties are they all.

He further confides that John confiscates these trophies, secreting and carrying them home upon his chest.

I've something on me chest, Gene, I've something on me chest, I've all my gals,
My picture gals,
Upon my chest, Gene,
Upon my chest.

Four cars patiently wait at the curb, a fair chauffeuse at each wheel. The car doors are all standing expectantly open. Kermit Allen is coming down the steps, murmuring softly to himself:

Eenie, meenie, minie, moe. With which fair damsel shall I go? Three will holler if one I beau! Eenie, meenie, minie, moe,

If I can't have an A minus, I'll take a B,
If I can't have a B minus,
I'll take a C;
If I can't have a C minus,
Hanged if I'll take an E.
So gimme an F;
That's all that's left.

NAMERICAL RIDDLES

Suppose we are harassed by the creditors that track us,
May we not return with affection to Backus?

Sport vest, evening vest, gal-vest
with the rest!
Lay aside the jest, yes,
throw it o'er the crest;
There yet remains the best,
Billy Vest!

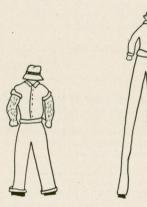
O, Glad Bowers, how sweet is your Birdsong; Waft it gently along.

O, Vineyard how noble is thy name; Keep it always the same.

I knew a fellow called Lease; Said, "I always do as I please." Gene gave him a punch; Sul Ross sent him a bunch; For now he is Lease the deceased.



DUNCAN SCOTT



BOB CLARK

SKEVVY



ALEX MCGARAGILL

RAY McNEIL TAKES POISON; EVIDENCE POINTS TO SUICIDE

Ray McNeil, popular Sul Ross athlete, was found unconscious in the room of Harold Byler, a fellow student, at an early hour to-day. A flask containing a few drops of a mixture of arsenic and castor oil lay on the floor beside him. Scraps of an almost undecipherable note signed in a feminine scrawl, "E. E. G." led his friends to believe that the attempted suicide was a result of the young man's being jilted in love.

Later developments seem to refute the suicide theory. Another explanation of Mr. McNeil's swallowing the contents of the flask has been offered.

It is believed that he will recover.

Miss Aynesworth (trying to make clear that narration and description are meant to entertain, exposition and argumentation to instruct): "Mr. Gilley, if you were to take an all-day trip alone on the Orient which would you get for reading matter, narratives, descriptions, arguments, or expositions?"

Kessler: "I wouldn't take any of 'em. I'd get me a magazine."

John Head lost control of his car while sitting out a few dances with a fair Co-ed Saturday night, blazed a new trail down the hillside, and demolished a panel of the precious rock fence which encloses the campus. Mr. Head and the young lady escaped without injury.

PROOF SHEETS OF THE NEW LOBO HANDBOOK, NOW IN TYPE

- 1. If your feet hurt and you are dolichocephalic, report to Miss Britt. She will give you your correct cephalic index, and a lecture upon high heels, blisters, and a correct posture.
- If you have a cold, report to Miss Aynesworth; she will give you castor oil.
- 3. It is best to ask Mr. H. E. Allen for information upon every other topic. If he is too busy when you see him in the hall, wait and attend one of his history classes—your own preferably. He'll get around to your topic before the bell rings.
- 4. Do not go to Miss Cowan voluntarily; miss chapel, and she will send for you.

- 5. If you see your name or student-number upon the bulletin board, carefully cross it out with a heavy black pencil, and forget about it. Do not worry; if it is really important someone will remember. Perhaps Mr. Morelock, the President, will remember it first. If so, he will send for you.
- 6. When singing in chapel, always beat time loudly with your feet. If possible beat out of time; Miss Batey enjoys the unique effect this produces. If you are ambidexterous and like to be a nuisance, beat time upon the back of the seat in front of you. This adds greatly to the enjoyment of whoever is sitting there. If Miss Batey requests you to beat time, stop at once. She will then walk down the aisle and show you how. You do not get a credit for this; so don't bother about it if you don't want to.

O'CONNORISMS:

- 1. Try to get something on your mind beside dandruff.
- 2. Have any of you read "Why We Behave Like Human beings?" I thought not—there are so few of you that do.
- 3. The only reason why some folks don't lie is that they can't think fast enough.

What will they give us tomorrow
Who gave us our E's today?
They mailed all my grade to father—
What do you 'spose he'll say?

Noted lecturer on astronomy: "When the planet Mars so closely approached the earth, it was ascertained that there were no men in sight."

A startled freshman: "Goodness, Gracious! Mars is decidedly worse than Sul Ross."

FRESHMAN PRIMER

What is the bookstore? The bookstore is the place where I sell a book for fifteen cents that you buy later for three dollars and ninety-eight cents. My notes and outlines, all of which are wrong, account for the difference.

Where is the bookstore? The bookstore is that glazed glass door at the foot of the north stairs which is always locked. You can make the four flights of stairs between classes if you try, but the door will still be locked.

When is the bookstore open? Never, you poor Fish! But since ignorance is bliss and 'tis folly to be wise, slide down the banisters; you may find the keeper of the books locking the door.

Growing-In Club Organized

One of the newest and most rapidly growing organizations upon the campus is the Growing-in Club. Its sponsors are the unbobbed feminine members of the faculty. Charter members who have arrived at the dignity of a mop upon the back of the neck are Gladine Bowers, Edrie Gordon Cowan, Mabel J. Burleson, Dorothy Bryson, Louise Noble, and Frances Gillett. Pledges, soon to be taken in, are Ruth Anderson, Vina Jones, Hazel Tyler, Jewel Morrow, and Edna Mae Scott. It is rumored that during an initiatory pledge service one of the pledges, Edna Mae Scott, had her hair burned. We are assured by members, however, that this is a false report, and that the club was in no way responsible for Miss Scott's horrible accident.

The pledges are to be easily spotted by their general disheveled appearance, straggling locks before and behind ears, and hair shaggily streaming down the neck. The club motto is "Yes, we have no short hair." The emblem designed by Miss Betty Keefer, is a gold braid, to be worn dangling from one ear. The club is pledged to the promulgation and the protection of the hairpin. The official meeting place is to be on the hairpin curve on the Fort Davis road.

Sophomore Forensics

(The following introduction to an oration bearing the signature of Kermit Allen was found in a library book. The speech was evidently intended for the speech arts class, which is to be condoled upon its loss, even as the author is to be condoned for its perpetration.)

Alumni, faculty members, fellow students, and all freshmen, we are gathered here to sing the praises of our Alma Mater and to tell what we are proud of. I point with swelling pride to our fair campus. Where else may you find so strenuous a climb at nine-three in the morning, with a class due at nine-five? As you speed along, row after row of giant ligustrums, beautifully rounded, glossy of leaf, obscure the horizon, or wipe out the mountains.

Walk upon our grass. A microscopic eye may easily detect this grass without undue difficulty. The plural of grass is sometimes grasses, but we are using the singular form to denote the singular quality of our grass. We have a grass.

Approach our pellucid lily pool. No gold fish dart within its depths. Aesthetic taste of the day taboos gold teeth and goldfish. A lily lives within the exact geometrical center. Please do not pick the lily. It has not yet bloomed, but forewarned is forearmed. We are for preservation of our lily, past, present, and future. O my friends, and the freshmen, do not your hearts—

REWARD: A five dollar reward to the first person who finds in this annual a page on which my name does not appear. H. E. Allen.

A GOOD USE FOR THAT \$.03 YOU SAVE

Why not make your girl friend a present of a nice lollypop? Suprise your teacher with a shining red apple? Treat your shoes to a pair of fresh shoe laces? Any of these things can be had for \$.03, which is the average amount you save yearly by trading at the College Book Store.

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LOST: A two-months-old baby boy with brown eyes, no teeth or hair; resembles father to a marked degree, but does not talk. Left in a Ford hoopie on downtown street, while Father was refighting the battle of the Marne in a grocery store. Reward offered—latest book on the Proper Care of the Infant.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN—One brain. Not of intrinsic value, but very much prized. May be identified with a low-power microscope. If found, please return to Jim Crow.

IF YOU need any butter milk, sweet milk, cottage cheese, cream, or even butter, buy it in coagulated "Yellow Meadow" squares from me. Thank You, John Head, Jr.

Let us freshen up your old signs. Rock signs our specialty. Unique lettering. Jobs done over night.

Freshman Class.

For first-class wrecking service call the Sophs. No job too small or too great. Secrecy guaranteed. night-work only.

FOUND—One hundred and ninety-eight fountain pens (in books, pockets, and desks), but I ain't lettin' nobody know about it. Connoisseur Henry Lease.

CARD OF THANKS

The kind party who returned my book, "Class-room Cracks", after its many weeks of mysterious absence (and my stagnating popularity) has my sincerest and most heartfelt thanks.

-Mr. Ratliff.

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My method has been in use for over 30 years in the schools of Switzerland. American college professors, notably those of Sul Ross, are rapidly coming to my point of view. Act at once! Merely fill in the schedule card at the bottom of the page and come to class.

H. E. ALLEN, Head Department of History.

FOR SALE: Several hundred pages of manuscript left over from contributions made to the Brand. Can be used for fuel, packing, and freshman themes.

Rates cheaper than those on ordinary waste paper.

official notice!

Students, beware of seventh-period classes; the closing bell doesn't ring until $8{:}15\ P.\ M.$

NOTICE!

We wish to thank The Town of Alpine for co-operating with the College in all respects, especially in leaving the street lights on, so that we students cand find our way to first period classes.

SOMEBODY Has robbed me of "My Melancholy Baby", my "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi", and "The Girl of My Dreams". If these three girls are ever seen in company with anyone else———

John Underwood.

E, the Chiefs of the Tribe of Editors, set forth on our journey westward, to the Dzhibai Midewigan, or Shadow-Spirit Wigwam. Eight months of lying in ambush or plunging into fierce forays, only to have our victim escape with his scalp—and fragments of our own—have dimmed our war paint and bedraggled our feathers. And we foresee a not-too-distant day—known in the jargon of the campus as "The Day When the Brand Comes Out"—when the friendly world of the college may be transformed into a camp of hostile pale faces. The club of the friends we have grazed with our arrows along the Branding Iron Trail, and the tomahawk of the foes we have ignored are both awaiting us.

But they shall be robbed of their vengeance. Remember, please, the tradition that the Indian never scalps a suicide. And to accept a position on the Brand Staff is, unfailingly, to commit suicide. Bury us with our bows; the arrows are all lost—it's just as well; they will afford some folk-lore fiend the thrill of finding relics. If there's a Happy Hunting Ground, we don't want to go there unless we can be assured that the game to be hunted won't be foolish jokes and kodak pictures, drawings and lost cuts.

In fact, now that we have retired from the chase, we are not sure that we know of any happier grounds than Sul Ross Cave. And we'd rather like to live on for awhile, to think over our few victories and the ceremonial dances with our fellow chiefs of the Editor Tribe—powwows that begin to seem delightful, now that the warfare is ended.

But no—we'll take no risks. Bury us with our bows—and our Brands. And chant over us these feeling words:

Nish-u-we-ni-mi-qu nish-u-we-ni-mi-qu we-gi ma-o-dzhig Nish-u-we-ni-mi-qu nish-u-we-ni-mi-qu we-gi ma-o-dzhig Nish-u-we-ni-mi-qu nish-u-we-ni-mi-qu we-gi ma-o-dzhig (The spirits have pity; the spirits have pity on us.)



Camancha Drum

THE END





Morrison in hoopskirt.





ADVERTISMENTS

THE following pages are evidence of the faith of the business men of Alpine and the Big Bend in the BRAND and of their generous support of Sul Ross. The Staff, in grateful acknowledgment, asks that the students show their appreciation by patronizing the men whose generous support makes possible the publication of this book.

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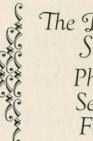
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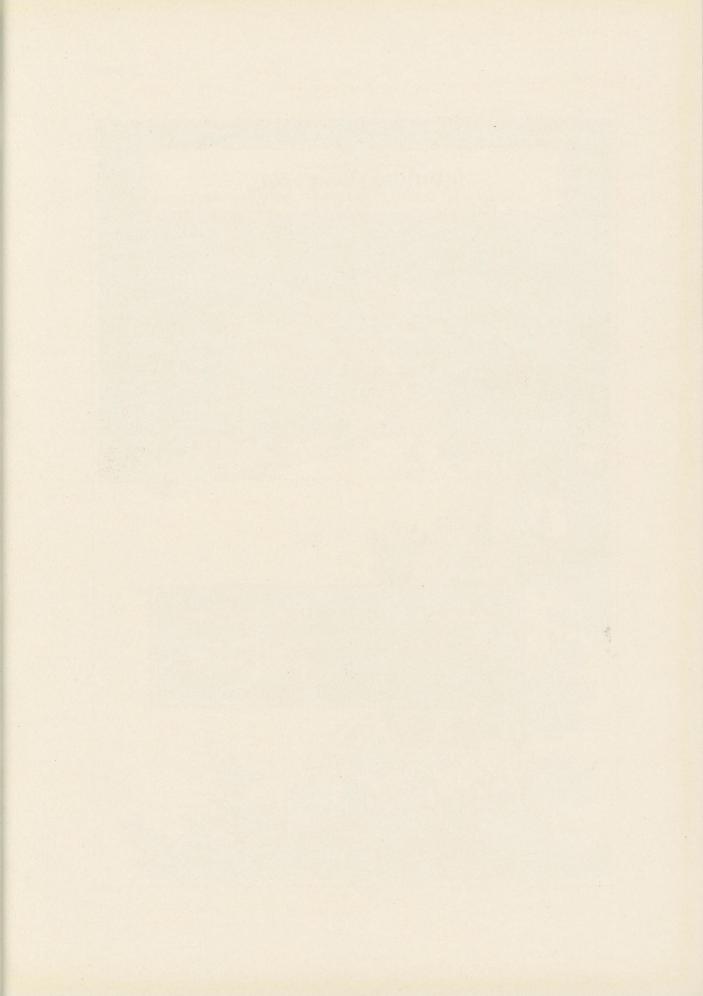
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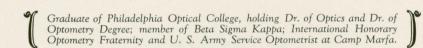
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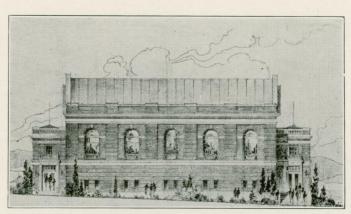
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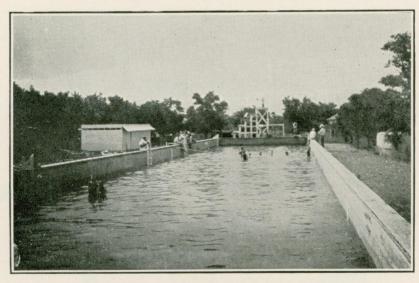
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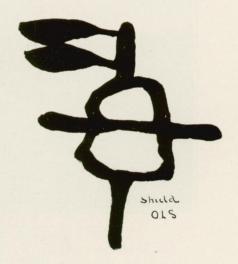
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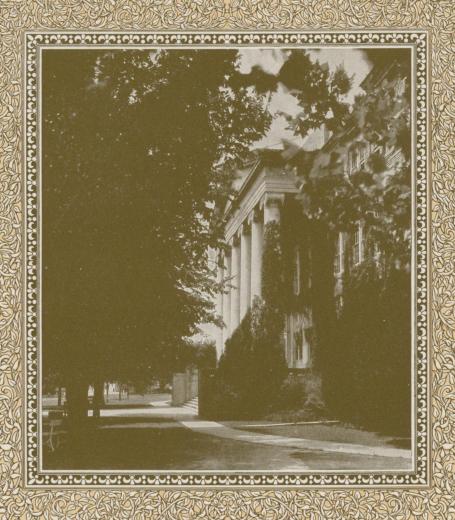
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